

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

Number 711

Week Ending
NOVEMBER 5, 1932

EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

Postage Anywhere
One Halfpenny

Every Thursday 2d

LITTLE LADY LOST AND FOUND

See
Page
Ten

KING RAS HAILU HOW HE FREED HIS SLAVES

Getting Into Line With the
League and Liberty

A KING INDEED

We have received a copy of a decree that has been issued in Abyssinia setting free thousands of slaves, as announced in the C.N. last week.

The decree means the removal of the great obstacle which has stood in the way of freeing the slaves since the Emperor Haile Silassie set free all his own slaves at his coronation two years ago.

From that time the world has witnessed the terrible spectacle of a State belonging to the League of Nations permitting slavery within its borders; but the difficulty has been that another Abyssinian ruler, Ras Hailu, King of Gojjam, refused to free his slaves, and there was no power to free them without his consent. Ras Hailu has now set free all his slaves, and slavery in Abyssinia is dead.

It is a great triumph for human freedom, and Ras Hailu has brought himself into history.

A Wonderful Welcome

The story is told that Ras Hailu came to Europe on a tour with the father of the present Emperor of Abyssinia some years ago, and that while he was travelling reports reached Gojjam that Ras Hailu was dead. Consternation spread through his kingdom, and on hearing of the rumour Ras Hailu swiftly returned home and appeared before his people. Their joy was so great that over a thousand swimmers went out to meet his boat.

His province is well administered. He has plans for public works. He has imported a number of motor-cars, which he lets out on hire through his agents. He is a keen trader, and encourages trade in all sorts of ways. The country, also, is well cultivated, better kept, and more prosperous than other provinces.

The Decree of Freedom

Ras Hailu has well-arranged markets twice weekly in his capital of Debra Markos, to which ponies, sheep, cattle, and so on, come in large numbers, with all kinds of grain, fruit, and vegetable products. He keeps his eye on world opinion. It was only in 1927 that he said the peasants should do any work he wanted, unpaid, in return for the privilege of being governed and protected by him. Today he is liberating all his slaves and providing pensions for those who cannot work for wages.

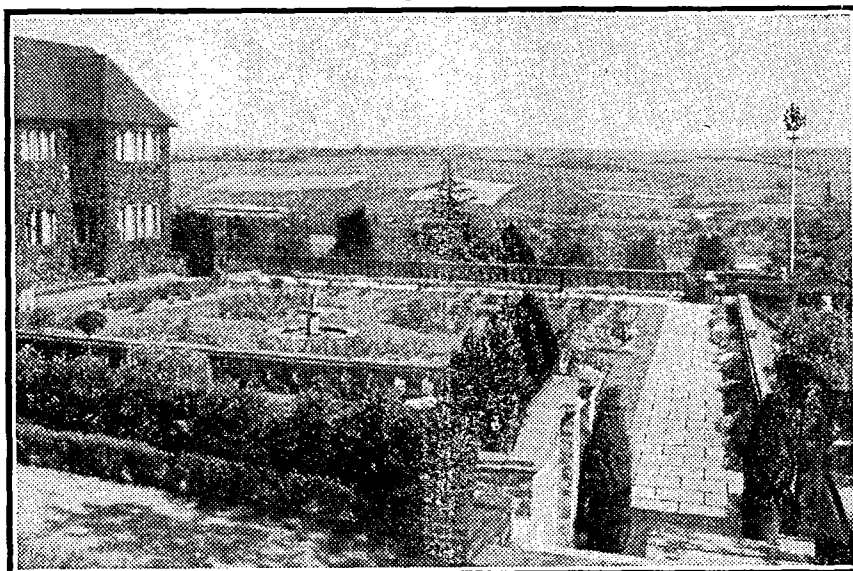
Gojjam is the most purely Abyssinian kingdom in the Ethiopian Empire. The population is mostly Christian.

We give in another column an English translation of the decree of freedom, one of the most interesting African documents belonging to our time.

The Little Golden Hind



The Editor's Copy of the Golden Hind



This little copy of the Golden Hind sails high above the Darent Valley in Kent, bearing a remarkable cargo in its treasure-chest, in which is a link with the Roman Empire's British Colony, with Alfred's England with the Golden Hind itself, and with Drake's Drum. See page 7.

YOU ARE FREE A KING TO HIS SLAVES

The Historic Decree of the
King of Gojjam

PENSIONS AND LIBERTY

This is the English translation of the decree which has just been issued freeing the slaves of Gojjam; it is one of the historic documents of Africa, and is due to the League.

We hereby manumit you, all you slaves who were in the possession of Ras Hailu.

And all you chiefs who are in charge of Ras Hailu's houses, property, and estates are hereby ordered to bring to Debra Markos by the 21st of November all the slaves of Ras Hailu who are under your supervision and hand them against receipt to the Judge we have appointed for the emancipation of slaves. Those who are near should be handed over by the 21st of October.

And you, the Judge appointed for the emancipation of slaves, are hereby ordered, when the slaves of Ras Hailu are produced before you, to register their names as well as their countries and give them their manumission papers. If any of them wish to return to his or her country, or to be employed elsewhere and earn their living, you should arrange that they are not prevented from doing so.

The Slave Children

And you, children of slaves who are under the age of ten years, we have arranged to be supplied with food and clothing and to be educated in the schools of the churches.

You, the Judge appointed for the emancipation of slaves, are further directed to hand over to the schoolmaster against his receipt the slave children, and to inquire into their condition of health and the progress of their education every six months and send your report on the subject every year to the Slavery Department which we have established at Addis Ababa. With regard to the slaves who cannot work and earn their living owing to old age and other infirmities, you are hereby ordered to arrange that each of them is granted a pension to live on.

All you slaves of Ras Hailu are hereby warned not to roam about before you register your names and your countries and obtain your manumission certificates, under the impression that you were freed and not knowing what the consequences may be.

THE STOWAWAY

The White Star liner Olympic carried a very unusual passenger on her last voyage from New York.

It was a bird, about the size of our familiar sparrow. It boarded the vessel at New York, and has devoted the voyage to choosing a good spot in a palm tree in the palm court and building a nest in it.

A BRAVE FIGHTER THE BOY WHO RAN AWAY Fine Story of a Rumanian Who Loved Humanity THE HOPE A LETTER BROUGHT

From Our Hungary Correspondent

Thirty years ago there lived in Braila, Rumania, a poor working-woman who had to strain every nerve to keep herself and her little boy from starving.

The boy saw her bitter struggles, and in a spasm of love and pity decided to ease her of at least half her burden. Without a word he left his home and went forth, friendless and penniless, into the wide world, determined to fend for himself or die.

He was 12 years old at this time, and for 20 years he waged a grim and ceaseless struggle with Fate, often all but beaten, but never once giving in.

Strange Tongues and Idioms

He was in turn baker's apprentice, locksmith, dock labourer, machinist, mechanic, sign-painter, house-painter, reporter, and photographer. He made his way through Egypt, Syria, Greece, and Italy; saw Jaffa, Beyrout, and Damascus, and picked up almost as many strange tongues and idioms as trades. What is more, he read the French classics to such purpose that he taught himself to write French as though it were his mother tongue.

After 20 years of hardship and suffering he thought himself at the end of his tether and, giving up the struggle at last, lay down to die. But before closing his eyes, as he believed, for ever, he wrote a letter of farewell to the great French writer Romain Rolland, whom he had never met, but whom he felt to be a brother because he had found in his writings the same love of humanity which filled his own heart.

Birth of a New Life

It was a strange and beautiful letter, making him who received it feel that he had been given a glimpse, not only of a brother soul, but also of a brother poet. He answered as one answers a dear friend, and the lonely patient in the hospital in Nice found himself enjoined to live and to share with the world the treasures of his fancy and his brain. In that hour his new life was born, and he became the writer Panait Istrati, whose books, written in the language of his adoption, have stirred thousands of people to laughter and to tears.

The worst of the struggle was over; but struggle there always will be, for the man who spent half a lifetime in the underworld now spends all his earnings and more to help those who will never emerge from it. Love and pity are still the keystones of his life as of his writings.

An Unforgettable Picture

One who recently heard him speak from a platform in Cologne carried away an unforgettable picture of his tall, emaciated figure and his enthusiasm. He spoke of art, and of those eternal verities—beauty, goodness, justice. He told how he once stood with a poor Greek working-man before the Parthenon, both of them faint with hunger, yet both uplifted to a glowing faith in the beauty of life by the imperishable loveliness before them.

He spoke of love, and told a moving little story of a poor charwoman in Paris who, having no one else to love, lavished all the treasures of her big heart on her dog. He was all she had, her one joy, yet she sent him to the country and only saw him once a week because she knew that he was happier there than in the populous city. That, said Panait Istrati, is the greatest love of all, the love that rules out self.

Like his friend Romain Rolland Panait Istrati is an ardent fighter in the cause of peace.

How could it be otherwise when it is his sacred belief that "those who

THE NEW CHIEF Frenchman at the Head of the League

A NAME TO BE FAMILIAR WITH

A new chief has been chosen for the Secretariat of the League of Nations: M. Joseph Avenol of France, a name that will now become familiar to us all.

M. Avenol has been Deputy-Secretary-General since 1923 and therefore has an intimate knowledge of League methods and work as well as of international affairs in general. His experience lies especially in the economic and financial spheres, and before taking up his task with the League he acted as financial expert in many important conferences, in particular the International Financial Conference of Brussels in 1920 from which originated the economic and financial reconstructive work which the League has carried on so splendidly ever since.

In the Secretariat M. Avenol was the director of the technical organisations and in connection with their activities undertook missions in various countries, notably in China. He is known for quiet work rather than for eloquent oratory; the Secretariat of the future should be in good hands.

Early Days

Sir Eric Drummond will pass on to his successor a very different job from the one that he himself took over in 1919. Surely he must often look back to the day when he, with two others, the first officials of the League, sat at a table in London, with no programme, no personnel, and no money, and set about the organisation of the Secretariat. From that day to this what strenuous toil, what unceasing effort, what a great adventure! Decidedly he has earned the rest for which he now asks from these arduous labours in which he has never spared himself.

The League is loth to let him go, but he persists, acceding, however, to the urgent request that he stays on at his post through the next critical months. He has therefore agreed to remain until the end of next June.

HERRINGS BY THE MILLION

Why Do We Neglect Them?

A million herrings sounds big, and indeed it is big, as anyone can realise by attempting to count a million one at a time. So many herrings are landed at Yarmouth every year that they number not one million but a thousand millions.

Curiously, the English people do not eat their own herrings to any great extent. This is a great pity, for the fish is at once good eating, splendid food, and cheap. The neglect of the herring in our country is very remarkable. On the Continent of Europe herrings are esteemed a delicacy, and manufactured into many different forms. The Germans take our herrings, bone them, treat them, and bottle them, and re-sell them to us in London and elsewhere at a big profit.

Of the great English herring-catch eight out of every ten fish are exported to the Continent.

It would be a splendid thing for our English fishing industry if the English people would condescend to eat more of their own herrings.

Continued from the previous column

deserve the name of man can know no distinction of race or religion, for they are united in common feelings and a common aim toward Good."

It is this sacred conviction which, like an inner flame, keeps him going in spite of a constitution undermined by the hardships of his youth. Even now he does not spare himself, for he nurses the serene conviction that "how long we live matters nothing; all that matters is how we live."

HEROES ALL A FINE THING ON A COLLEGE WALL

Swedish Tribute to the Chivalry of Oxford

THE SCHOLARS FROM A FOREIGN LAND

There is an old French song beginning
*Ah, si l'amour prenait racine,
J'en planterais dans mon jardin,*
which, translated into English, runs something like this:

*If love could be made to strike roots at will,
I'd plant some in my garden.*

To our thinking there is no if about it; love can be made to strike roots, and is continually being planted and sown in quiet gardens whence its seeds are wafted by chance winds to the uttermost ends of the Earth.

A contributor to a Swedish paper, writing about a visit paid some years ago to Oxford, describes as in duty bound the mellow beauty of its colleges, and goes on to speak of what evidently made an even deeper impression on him.

The Two Tablets

In the course of their wanderings, he writes, they came to the lovely little chapel of New College, and halted in front of a large tablet on which were inscribed the names of those New College men who fell in the war. By its side was placed a smaller tablet, which bore this inscription:

In memory of the men of this college who, coming from a foreign land, entered into the inheritance of this place and, returning, fought and died for their country in the war.

Underneath were three German names: *Prince Wolrad Friedrich zu Waldeck-Pyrmont; Freiherr Wilhelm von Seil; Erwin Bell von Speyer.*

It was very moving, said the Swedish traveller, to read this generous tribute paid to three enemies by their English comrades, and he asked himself whether such a thing could have been met with in any other country? "It needed the chivalry and inherited sense of fair play of the English people," he wrote in his paper, "to make possible such an act of respect toward those who a few short years before had fought against them as their bitterest enemies."

Thus, planting love where they might have planted hatred, those responsible for that simple little inscription sent forth into the great world new seeds of friendliness and good feeling between man and man. Is it not on the spreading of such seed that our surest hope of a better world lies?

HIS SECRET

Antonio de Navarro is dead, and although he was not a famous man yet his death has called forth a chorus of praise. What was the secret of this love he inspired in everyone he met? Probably it is to be found in the tribute of Dr Agnes Savill:

Over 20 years ago he told me that he had made a rule never to repeat what he heard to the discredit of any human being, while at the same time he would pass on the good. I never heard that resolution broken.

THE 31 FLAGS

How many of us realise that the United Services Club has a museum of its own, and how many of us passing it on Trafalgar Day noticed 31 flags run up outside it, or, if we noticed them, understood what their meaning was?

They were the famous signal which Nelson sent to his fleet on Trafalgar day: *England expects that every man will do his duty.*

THE RIGHT WAY FOR IDLE MEN UNEMPLOYED SET A GREAT EXAMPLE

Finding a Good Thing To Do and Doing It

OTHERS PLEASE COPY

The C.N. has been trying its best to induce our authorities to use our unemployed, or to induce our unemployed to do the thing that lies at hand to be done. The idea is moving on.

Some unemployed men of Littleborough in Lancashire have now done us all a good turn, and lovers of history will be specially grateful to them.

Once a Roman road crossed Blackstone Edge into Yorkshire. As time went by it fell into ruin and was covered up. A bridge that is as old as the Roman Empire, and some say even older, also went to rack and ruin. The archaeologists of Manchester and Halifax were troubled about these things; certainly ancient monuments ought to be preserved, but it is difficult to find the money now.

Working With a Will

Then a wonderful thing happened. A body of unemployed men came forward and offered to do the work for nothing. They hated to be idle, and they were just as proud of the ancient monuments of their country as anyone else. The offer was gladly accepted. Working with a will they have cleared the road and restored the precious bridge.

The men were taken to the site each day, and were given a shilling each for meals, and three cigarettes.

Now that their work is finished they are planning to tackle other undertakings for the common good. A swimming-bath and a pathway are to be made next. These are enterprises that could not be started without volunteer labour, because there is no money for them.

The men must be proud of their work and the neighbourhood must be proud of its men. Let other unemployed please copy. Let other towns please encourage them.

C.N. IDEA COMES HOME Brighter Weather News

One more C.N. idea has come into millions of British homes.

Our suggestion that the B.B.C. should make its weather news more interesting by putting first the weather that is expected has been adopted, and technical details about depressions and so forth are now announced afterwards.

We understand that the paragraph in the C.N. was placed before the specialists of the Meteorological Office who write the forecasts, which are read by the B.B.C. announcers exactly in the form in which they are received.

The Meteorological Office experts at once fell in with the suggestion, and are now issuing their valuable reports in what is a clearer and more popular form for all of us, even to those listeners who are interested in the science of the weather and like to know the reason why.

THINGS SAID

We shall harvest the years as we have lived them.

Sir Herbert Barker

Tips are an elaborate fraud upon the public.

Archbishop of York

The narrower patriotism of an olden day is giving place to the patriotism of mankind.

Lord Londonderry

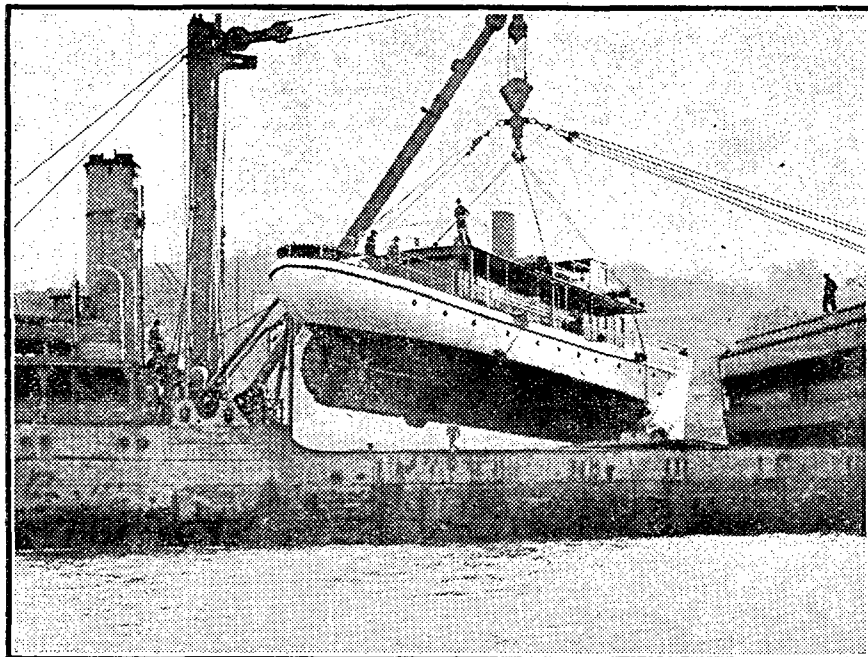
It is a good thing to see 22 men being watched by 50,000, but it would be better if 50,000 played.

Mr Lansbury

I wish I had ever written anything half so good as Sir Henry Newbolt's *Drake's Drum*.

Robert Bridges, late Poet Laureate

THE FIRST SNOW · BAND OF GIRL PIPERS · CHRISTMAS TOYS



An Unusual Cargo—A motor-yacht built at Dartmouth for an Indian prince is here seen being hoisted on board a steamer for its voyage to India.



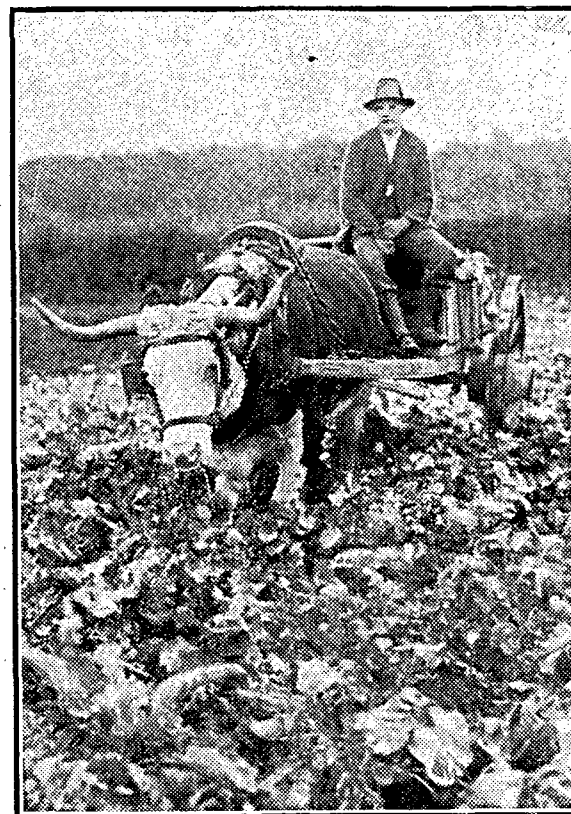
Winter Comes—This picture of a car on a snow-covered pass in the mountains comes from Perthshire, where the first snow of the winter has fallen.



Christmas Toys—A Walthamstow factory is preparing for the Christmas season by producing 240,000 mechanical toys every week. Here we see clockwork motor-cars being examined before they are dispatched to the shops.



In the Lord Mayor's Show—Here are three of the Dagenham girls who have formed a bagpipe band to play for charity, as told in the C.N. not long ago. They have been rehearsing for their part in the Lord Mayor's Show next week.



The Ox on the Farm—We do not expect to see an ox-drawn wagon in an English turnip-field, but this one is on the Earl of Bathurst's estate near Cirencester, where a team of oxen is employed in the farm work.



New Neighbour for St Paul's—Seen from the Southwark bank of the Thames the new G.P.O. telephone building in Queen Victoria Street makes a curious alteration to the view of St Paul's, as this picture shows. The modern building is a striking contrast to Wren's dome.



Flowers For Nothing—Every autumn when the flower-beds in London's parks and public gardens are cleared the surplus plants are given to anyone who cares to take them away. Here are some boys and girls carrying home the proceeds of such a distribution.

THE LITTLE TAILOR OF LONG AGO

HIS LONG LOST PACKET OF NEEDLES

Found By a Swedish Searcher
After 20 Centuries

REMARKABLE DISCOVERIES

From a Travelling Correspondent

Thousands of years ago, long before England was heard of, the Chinese were a great nation.

They had just kings over them, scholars who tried to find out how other peoples lived and wise men who invented useful things and wrote books still read today.

Sometimes they were happy and prosperous. When the kings whose name was Han reigned over the land China was at the height of her greatness. That lasted from 200 years before Jesus until 200 years after; but now and again barbarians crossed the mountain passes and entered their country, robbing and burning houses and temples. Soldiers were sent to guard these passes and drive off the wild tribes.

Writing Not Yet Read

At one of those places where the Chinese soldiers were stationed over 2000 years ago the Swedish traveller Sven Hedin has been making excavations in order to learn how people lived in those bygone times. Last year one of his comrades named Bergman dug up thousands of little pieces of flat wood with writing on them. No Chinese writings so old as these had ever before been seen. These have not yet been read.

Bergman also found well-preserved woven stuffs, bronze arrow-heads, feathered arrows, wooden vessels, iron knives and axes, and one fine knife with a leather sheath.

The Builder of the Great Wall

In those days there was a Chinese tailor there who kept his needles in a piece of cloth. He somehow lost the cloth and the needles, and they were not found until Bergman visited the place 2000 years later. Last year they were brought to light, together with many bronze, horn, and wooden seals, which enabled the Chinese to invent block printing. One seal represents a very tiny writing-table. As there were no envelopes with gum on them the envelopes of those times were closed with seals.

The Chinese language has no alphabet. It has only ready-made signs that stand for words. These signs used to be written with very fine hair brushes.

Now these brushes did not always exist. They had been invented only 150 years before the time we are writing of by General Mengtien. It is right that we should remember this general's name, because it was he who built the Great Wall of China. Never had anyone of our time set eyes on one of those brushes until this year, when Bergman dug up one of them. It was so well preserved that you might think it had been made last week.

A Dead City

In those olden times there were books, but what kind of books? Were they rolls, tablets, cylinders, or what? Learned men had an idea how they looked because there were descriptions of them, but nobody had seen them before. Last year a real book written and put together 2000 years ago was dug up from the ruins of a house. This was probably a Government house. Many other things that had been buried underground all those years were also exposed to the light of day such as coins, silken stuffs—yellow, green, red, and blue—and one fine piece of silk embroidery.

Not nearly so old as the Han dynasty is the so-called dead city of Khara-Khoto, which is not very far off. There Sven Hedin and his learned men are

NEXT YEAR'S CAR

Great Success of the Olympia Show

NEW SAFETY DEVICES AND EASE OF CONTROL

The Motor Show at Olympia was, as popular this year as last, and proved once more to the world that this country leads the way in one of the most modern of industries.

There were five miles of motor exhibits, and anyone who tried to see them must have longed for a car to give him a lift on his long journey.

Every type of car was on view, from the luxury model at £2670 to the two-seater at £100, and all showed some feature which was an improvement on last year.

The need for economy by those who went to buy was reflected in the large range of models of nine or ten horsepower which are now fitted in the style of larger cars of previous years. The four-cylindered engine has been so improved that it can once more successfully face the competition of the engine with six cylinders. The light car of today is efficient, roomy, easy to drive, cheap to maintain, and safe to ride in.

Simple Gear-Changing

The safety factor has been increased in many ways, by dropped or down-swept frames to lower the centre of gravity, by making the steering lighter without loss of firm control, by better brakes, and by devices to prevent dazzle.

Gear-changing has been simplified, and one of the new features in this connection is an automatic clutch by means of which changes of speed are possible without using the clutch pedal.

All the mechanical improvements have been accompanied by added grace in the appearance of the cars. Streamlining even to the handles of the doors has given them graceful curves, and their colours are a delight to the eye. We must once again congratulate our motor manufacturers and the organisers of this now historic event.

CONSTANTINE THE GREAT

A Yorkshire lady who looks on life, and notices many things which are apt to be taken as a matter of course by others, sends us this little story.

This radiant summer seems to have been full of significant little things. Everybody knows of the cricket-magic of Constantine, the West Indian who stayed in England to play as a professional; but it is not generally known that he is something of a Pied Piper.

He was playing in a cricket match a few weeks ago and many children were among the three thousand spectators.

At the interval, when the players filed into the pavilion, Constantine was behind the others. Suddenly a great happy youthful cry broke out and in an instant hundreds of children, chiefly little boys, swarmed over the field after him. He gave a dazzling smile, then picked up and tossed one of the tiniest of his young admirers.

So great is his love of children that the West Indian goes round the schools at Nelson in Lancashire and organises games after hours for the boys.

Constantine the Great indeed!

Continued from the previous column

also digging out reminders of past centuries. But these relics are not nearly as old as the brush and the book. Still the things dug out are helpful, because they throw light on what was happening in China six and seven hundred years ago. Manuscripts have been brought to light, for instance, in five languages.

One interesting discovery is among the things found. It is the very oldest paper money yet known. China has had all kinds of money. This correspondent of the C.N., when travelling there over thirty years ago, had to have a man to carry his silver money about with him.

THE VOICE OF GENEVA

PEOPLES OF THE WORLD RESPONSIBLE

The Fate of Nations Depends Upon Us All

ALL MUST GIVE UP SOMETHING

By Our League Correspondent

We here warn you, peoples of the world, that your fate depends on the way in which those who govern you follow our advice.

Thus we hear Geneva, a Voice crying to the rest of the world, proclaiming the convictions to which men of international ways of thinking have come.

Their reports were put into the hands of the Assembly of the League and, summarised in a few words, they run like this.

In the study of economic and financial questions we recognise that all countries are at present engaging in an armaments race, that a remedy is urgently needed, but that nothing useful can be done without close cooperation between all countries and without each sacrificing certain interests for the common good.

Mirror of the World

In the study of the many criticisms levelled at the League and its work we recognise that not all the criticisms are the result of knowledge and understanding. The League is not a super-State. It has no will of its own that it can impose on Governments. It is nothing but the assembly of the Governments themselves. It is nothing but the mirror of the world in which every aspect of life is reflected but in which the darkest aspects are most clearly seen. Its only merit, but an inestimable one, is that it creates a diplomatic atmosphere favourable to negotiations and offers the Governments a series of procedures by the help of which, *with goodwill on both sides*, any agreement may be attained.

In the study of what the Press can do to serve the League's cause, not only by spreading a knowledge of its work but also drawing attention to its defects and weaknesses, we recognise that until world opinion realises that the private interests of every country can only be permanently served within the framework and with the assistance of a strong international organisation, the achievement of the important aims the League has in view will prove impossible.

A Vision

M. Politis, President of the recent Assembly, thus summarised the conclusions and sounded the Voice of the 57 Nations which make up the League. The same idea ran through all his remarks. If we want peace and prosperity we must be ready and willing to give up those things which belong only to our national welfare and are opposed to the common good.

M. Politis was impressed again, from the vantage-point of his presidential chair, by the spectacle which never fails to move the heart and catch the breath: country after country answering to its name as it is called from the platform. And, contemplating it, there came to him the vision of a future when all peoples will come to proclaim in the sight of God and man the completion of the great work of which we are today the patient and obscure labourers, the coming on Earth of a reign of justice and peace.

MORE JEWS FOR PALESTINE

We are glad to read that the hopes of making Palestine the national home of the Jews are brightening.

During the next six months the Government's quota of Jewish immigrants has been raised to 4500, the biggest figure since 1926. This, it is claimed, is a tribute to the economic success of Jewish work in Palestine.

ONCE UPON A TIME

OLD FRIENDS AT SOUTH KENSINGTON

Three Centuries of Books For Boys and Girls

A FASCINATING EXHIBITION

"How much happier are the children of today than those of a hundred years ago" is the verdict of all who go to see the exhibition of English Illustrated Books now open at the Victoria and Albert Museum.

It is being held in connection with Boys and Girls Book Week arranged by the National Book Council, and until November 12 children will be able to visit this hall of romance in the Victoria and Albert Museum where the story of picture books is told by means of volumes of every kind printed since 1672.

It is a long story, and in spite of the many entrancing-looking books on show the catalogue tells us that it has been possible to give only a selection from the vast fields of children's literature. But the evolution of the child's book, from the primitive horn-books of the 17th century to the elaborately illustrated volumes of today, is admirably shown.

The First Nonsense Book

Through the lovely colour-printing of this century an almost magic change has taken place in picture books since the time when crude woodcuts were considered good enough for the young. Nowadays nothing can be too good.

Modern animal books, which are found in every nursery, seem to have had their origin in Mrs Trimmer's Story of the Robins, which appeared, written in prose, in 1786. Great delight was given to children of 1807 when William Roscoe's whimsical Butterfly's Ball was published. A copy of this, coloured by hand, is on view at South Kensington.

The first nonsense book appeared in about 1820. This was Sixteen Wonderful Women, who are described in verses like limericks, and we are told it is more than likely that Edward Lear knew this book, which may have given him the idea of the Book of Nonsense he published in 1846.

Endless Adventure

Robinson Crusoe set the fashion in books of adventure, of which there is now no end. Among the most interesting of the exhibits are the copy of The Visible World by John Amos Comenius, dated 1672, one of the first books for children that can be traced, and an edition of Isaac Watts's Divine Songs, the plates of which are coloured by no less a master than John Constable.

In an essay in Fraser's Magazine in 1846 Thackeray alluded to Felix Summerly's Home Treasury books. "Their actual colours," he said, "are as brilliant as a bed of tulips, and blaze with emerald and orange, and cobalt, and gold, and crimson . . . as good as a nosegay. Here are real fairy tales at last." Felix Summerly was the pen-name of Sir Henry Cole, who was the first director of what is now the Victoria and Albert Museum.

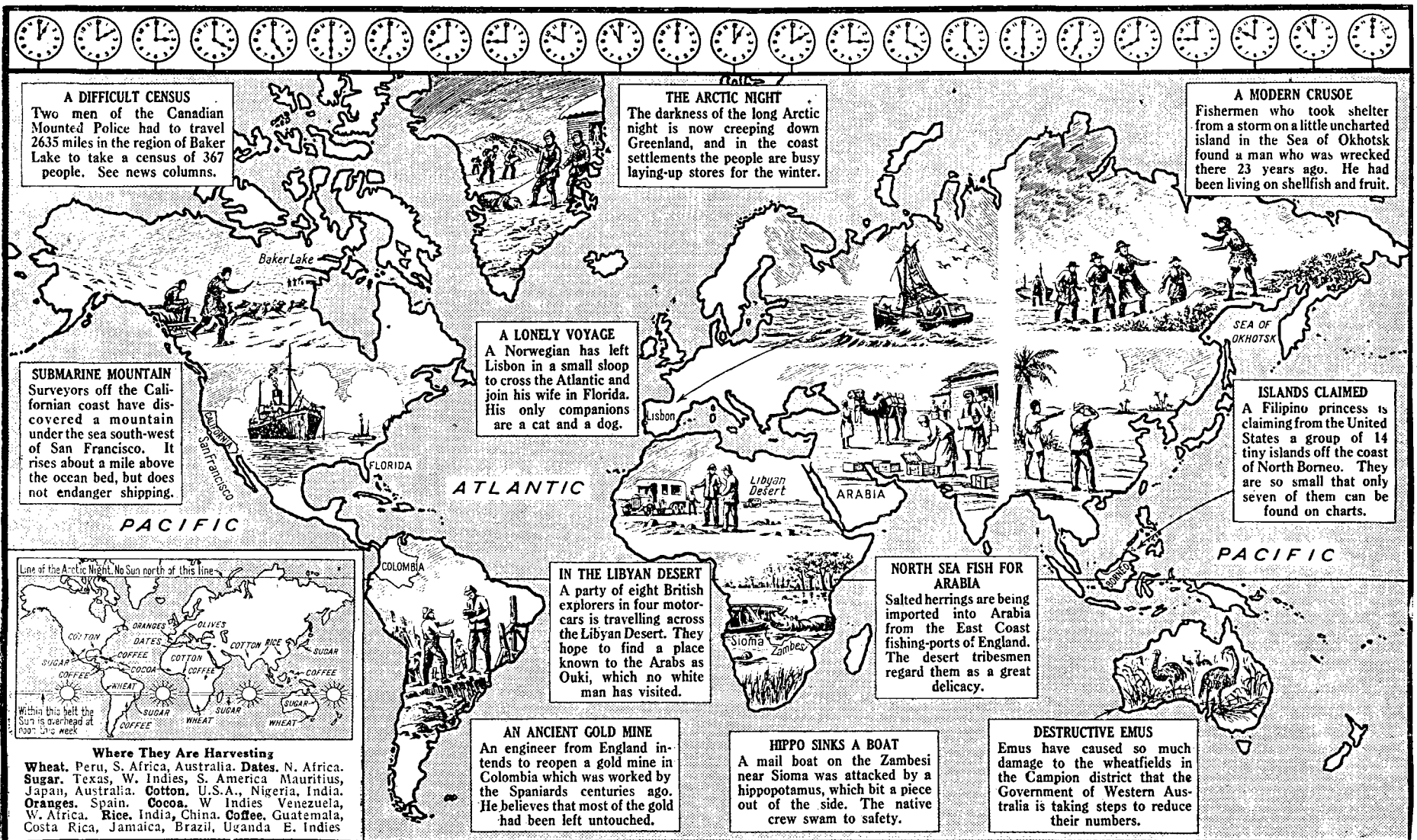
The Children's Encyclopedia

A first edition of Alice Through the Looking Glass, with the original Tenniel drawings, which is valued at £10,000, is another of the exhibits.

Conspicuous on the table containing educational books are volumes of the epoch-making Children's Encyclopedia, of which there are more copies in the world than of any other encyclopedia ever printed. We were also glad to see Little Treasure Island and Arthur Mee's Golden Year on another table.

And altogether we left this place with great regret, for this delightful atmosphere does make us young again with Once Upon a Time, Robin Hood, Jack the Giant Killer, the Goose That Laid the Golden Eggs, and our dear friend Old Mother Hubbard, all gathering round us once more.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



A Spoiler of the Countryside

There is a gleam of hope for our handsome elm trees in the latest report of the Forestry Commissioners, who ever since the elm disease was observed in this country five years ago have carefully watched its progress.

They now report that the attack of the fungus is less virulent in every part of England, though it is far too common to be eradicated. The extreme North of England and all Scotland are free from the disease, while Essex and Suffolk are the most seriously affected counties.

The fungus is spread from tree to tree by the elm bark beetle, yet another example of the relation between animal and vegetable life.

Experiments are being made in Holland to find a common elm which is not susceptible to the disease, and until such a tree is available other trees than elms should be planted in our parks and gardens. Sad, indeed, that a little beetle should be spoiling our countryside!

SIXTY YEARS OF THIRD CLASS

It is now sixty years since the Midland Railway Company took the decisive step of carrying third-class passengers by all its trains.

Before 1872 the third-class passenger had often to travel very slowly and very uncomfortably, being forbidden the use of the best trains. After that date the masses of the people were at last able to travel in comparative comfort. The very sensible step brought great profits to the railway companies, all of which followed the example of the Midland.

In our day Third Class has become the main source of passenger revenue, and we can look back with amazement to the fact that the railway companies stoutly resisted third-class until it was forced upon them by Parliament. The railways thought third-class would ruin them, whereas in fact it made them.

THE MAN WHO WANTED A THRILL

Queer Story of a Lion Hunt

All America has been laughing heartily at the efforts of a St Louis leather manufacturer, Mr Denver Wright, to capture the thrills of a lion hunt without crossing the ocean to the continent where full-blooded lions roam at large.

Purchasing two caged lionesses, named Nellie and Bess, from a bankrupt circus proprietor he set forth with his two sons, his plumber, his barber, and three small dogs to find a suitable jungle in which to let loose his beasts.

For over 1000 miles he wandered, with county sheriffs chasing him and threatening him with arrest as a lunatic at large. At last he found an ideal spot, an island in the Mississippi covered with a dense thicket. The party was transported across and the following crowds lined the river banks to watch. The lions were released and given an hour or two's start while the hunters took lunch.

Their luck, however, was entirely out, for two sheriffs, fearing that the beasts might swim to shore and terrorise the neighbourhood, crossed over to the island and killed them.

Thus ended America's first lion hunt, to the discomfiture of Mr Denver Wright. Yet, after all, was he a much more ridiculous figure than those who in our own country release and hunt a caged stag? At least he ran a risk.

THE LITTLE MORE

We are always hearing about the bad times, but it is comforting to find that bad times have not hardened people's hearts.

The Norfolk and Norwich Hospital asked for £30,000 for a new building. The public gave £32,000.

Seldom does anyone get £2000 more than he asks for.

English people seem to have decided that they must cut down on their pleasures but not on their charities. It is a proud reflection.

WILL PARLIAMENT BE KIND?

What It Might Do

Dogs, horses, pit ponies, stags, cattle, and sea birds are among the many animals on whose behalf Bills are to be introduced into Parliament.

Most of these measures have long been advocated in the C.N., and we earnestly hope that many of them will become Law.

Once again an endeavour is to be made to raise England to the level of Scotland by making compulsory the use of the humane killer. Another Bill to be introduced again is the Bill to make stag-hunting illegal.

The regulation of the conditions of animals employed in our coalmines, and the prohibition of certain performances by animals on the stage, of vivisection experiments on dogs, of the exportation of horses above a certain age and below a certain value are among other important measures.

An Oil Pollution Bill will endeavour to stop the many deaths of sea birds due to ships pouring waste oil into the sea.

Another very desirable measure is designed to prevent people convicted of cruelty to dogs from having the custody of these animals again.

THE WHEEL TRUNK

The newest invention in the way of luggage is a trunk with a small wheel at one end, so that it can be moved easily.

It was shown at an exhibition in the Textile Exchange, Ludgate Hill. All the exhibitors were manufacturers of leather goods, and they were all trying to show what they had done to meet the needs of people taking a pleasure cruise.

When the pleasure cruise first became popular it was obvious that the fashion would help British shipping; but it helped other people as well—the folk who make luggage and rugs and clothes.

Fortunately it is a fashion that is likely to last, for there is no joy like the joy of travel.

POOR MAN WHO FOUND A GOLDMINE

William Ford of Coolgardie

A REEF WORTH £100,000,000

The discoverer of a goldfield which in 20 years yielded over £100,000,000 has just died at Sydney.

His name was William Ford. In 1892 he left Perth on a prospecting expedition with another poor man, Arthur Bayley. For many weeks all was weariness and disappointment, but one day when they were camping by a native well at Coolgardie, 350 miles from Perth, Ford picked up a nugget of gold and in a short time had collected 200 ounces of some of the purest gold ever discovered.

Continuing to search, the two men struck the reef which was to become world famous.

After picking up over 500 ounces they staked out a claim, and Bayley hurried off to the town of Southern Cross to report the find to the authorities.

Nearly the whole town returned with him to the reef, and from far and near took place one of the most famous gold-rushes in the nineteenth century. A town of 30,000 inhabitants rose around the goldfield.

Arthur Bayley survived his good fortune only one year; William Ford lived 40 years after the eventful day.

THE PILLAR OF FIRE

A Cardiff engineering firm has produced a novel street traffic signal which at night-time looks exactly like a pillar of fire.

It is a red pillar mounted on a yellow base, with a white cap at the top. The cap has black-edged fins. A powerful lamp concealed in the top floodlights the pillar, which stands out bold and arresting, though without glare, to warn the oncoming motorist.

Cardiff has already adopted the pillar of fire, and we shall probably see it in many other places.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

NOVEMBER 5 1932

Why Not Try Christianity?

THERE are many suggestions for getting the world straight. One nation is trying Fascism. Another is trying Communism. Why should we not try Christianity?

There is nothing which Fascism or any other ism might do for the good of the State that Christianity could not do better.

Christianity demands service for all by all. It is a service which recognises no distinction of classes. No Communist could frame a higher weal of brotherhood than that which bade the rich young ruler to sell all his goods and give to the poor.

The Good Samaritan is the symbol of the Christian rule of life.

If all men bore one another's burdens there would be no need of prisons, little use for work-houses, and none of these debts and tariff walls. If there were but one nation which framed its life on such lines we believe a League of Nations would spring from this seed of righteousness such as would abolish all war and injustice.

Is it too much to expect? In all these twenty centuries since Christ was born neither the world nor any great part of it has seemed within measurable distance of Christianity. Yet we are told of the early Christians that they all loved one another, so we need not surrender hope. It is not by great and sudden upheavals that the world comes to righteousness, though we who have lived through the years of this century may acknowledge that by other upheavals it may crash into original sin.

But every step upward that anyone, the humblest or the youngest among us, takes lifts the world by force of the example. It is nearly four centuries since Sir Thomas More drew a picture of his Utopia, in which everybody worked and everybody was happy and healthy, and all lived quickwitted, serene, and prosperous because their highest morality was service for others.

It was the old ideal which is always new, and at first sight seems as far off as ever. But the appearance is deceptive. The efforts and the teachings of good men and women have made England a far happier land than it was in those Tudor days when the author of the Utopia was sent to the block.

So by little steps, by individual acts of well-doing, it rests with each of us to pave the way for that last Utopia when there shall dawn a day of wider knowledge and of firmer faith, a day of equal not of selfish aims, a day not of racial distinctions, but of universal brotherhood.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



A Victorian Father

IN a new book Mrs Huth Jackson describes her father as a red-bearded man with very bright eyes, who always said "Vanish, vanish" whenever any of them came into the room, so that they fled like hares when they heard him coming.

He was a distinguished man, this Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff, but most little girls would prefer to have the more ordinary kind of father who does not say Vanish whenever they appear.

Two Old Men Go To Church

ONE of our correspondents up in Yorkshire has been to Stillingfleet. He found two old men standing by the church and had a chat with them. Of course our correspondent said something about the wonderful door of the church, the fame of which is in a hundred books.

The old men looked oddly at him, and one said: "Why now, who would have thought of that? I have been here all my life and I never knew there was anything queer about it."

Then the two old cronies went to church, and as our correspondent drove away ten minutes later they were standing arm-in-arm looking at the new thing they had been passing all their lives and never seen.

Write It on the Sky

AS our readers know, we are violently opposed to the suggestion that the sky should be an advertising hoarding. It is horrible.

There is one thing, however, which needs to be said so often that we would even write it on the sky.

The army of the unemployed has sadly increased this summer, and we have reason to fear that winter will bring distress and destitution to a number of British homes so large that it is hardly to be thought upon.

While this state of things exists the nation knows that in every town and village there is important work to do that is not being done.

Also it is well known that capital is unemployed, and that the banks are paying only a nominal interest because money is not being used in industry.

This, then, we would write upon the sky, day by day, until men were moved to action:

**Millions Unemployed!
Much Work To Do!
Set the Idle Men To Do It!**

This common-sense view of our winter problem is, we are glad to think, increasingly commending itself to thinking people. Write to your M.P. about it.

The Prayer of Pericles

Grant that no word may fall from me, against my will, unfit for the present need.

Sad News

WE have called attention before to the absurdities of our sign painters, who for some reason outside all intelligence persist in painting the initials of names in red paint that fades away.

There is a sign of *Henry Hill* over a shop we saw the other day, and, the pretty red letters having worn away, the public passing by looks up and reads the sad news, *enry ill*.

A Word For These Times

Let be thy wail, and help thy fellow men,
And make thy gold thy vassal, not thy king.
Tennyson

Tip-Cat

MOTORISTS who go too fast miss a great deal, we read. And often hit too much.

THE average schoolgirl gets bigger every year. Likes to make her brothers look small.

GIVE me the country to live in, says a Somerset man. But he doesn't say how much of it he wants.

GAZING at oneself in a mirror is not an indication of vanity, declares a professor. With some people it might be a penance.

MOST dancers look as if they were merely taking boring exercise. Drilling.

A LADY thinks a kettle that whistles is a merry companion in a house. Quite a scream.

FROCKS that look as if they were made out of paper are all the rage. Fashion experts are writing on them.

OUR weather has made us what we are, is a statement in a newspaper. It leaves us cold.

A WELL-KNOWN airman always takes a bottle of milk with him when he flies. And drinks it up.

YOU would hardly believe from the appearance of some of them that no motor-car is more than 30 years old.

THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

GUILDFORD COUNCIL OF SOCIAL SERVICE is providing free allotments for the unemployed.

SIR BUCKSTON BROWNE has completed his gift of £100,000 for research work at Darwin's old home in Kent.

JUST AN IDEA

A horse is no wealth to us if we cannot ride; nor can any noble thing be wealth except to a noble person.

Killed By the War Men

Will all those who are talking so glibly of war please read this story of what war does with a man?

CLOSE his eyes; his work is done!

What to him is friend or foe man,
Rise of moon, or set of sun,
Hand of man, or kiss of woman?

Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow!
What cares he? he cannot know:
Lay him low!

As man may, he fought his fight,
Proved his truth by his endeavour;
Let him sleep in solemn night,
Sleep for ever and for ever.

Fold him in his country's stars,
Roll the drum and fire the volley;
What to him are all our wars,
What but Death bemocking Folly?

LEAVE him to God's watching eye,
Trust him to the hand that made him.
Mortal love weeps idly by:
God alone has power to aid him.

Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow!
What cares he? he cannot know:
Lay him low! George H. Boker

C.N. Philosophies

Responsibility

RESPONSIBILITY is the conscious sense of our individual power to separate the good from the bad and to act accordingly; it is the moral obligation to answer for our actions.

It is one of the conditions of right being; it is sustained by divine law and cannot be evaded without bringing corresponding bad results either now or later, either apparent or not.

The belief that we may not be responsible for our own acts was one of the first erroneous suggestions that crept into the world; it dates back to Adam, who tried to find an excuse, saying: "The woman whom Thou gavest to be with me, she gave me of the tree and I did eat."

We are too inclined to diminish our own responsibility and to impute to people or circumstances the faults we ought to acknowledge as ours. And we are also too inclined to believe that our responsibility is over when, after having done right, we allow others to do wrong.

Man is responsible for the right usage of all the powers that have been given him—thinking, talking, writing, influencing, and others. If we were not responsible we should not have the merit of success. It is his ability to be responsible which is at once the grandeur and the dignity of man.

Oh, Ye English Folk

And oh, ye folk of English speech,
When such a brood ye've borne,
What favour need ye e'er beseech
From Fate so ripe for scorn?
It is yours, ye freemen, by your birth,
All that ye will on Earth! Wallace Rice

LITTLE GOLDEN HIND

A WEATHER-VANE AND ITS TREASURE CHEST

The Ship That Rides Above the Hills of Kent

ROMAN EMPIRE, ALFRED'S ENGLAND, AND OUR GOLDEN AGE

High on the hills of Kent, shining like gold in the sky, a copy of the Golden Hind is facing all the winds that blow.

It sails aloft above the village steeple. It looks down on the walls of a Norman castle. It is seen from the village through which Henry the Eighth rode on his horse to the Field of the Cloth of Gold. It rides proudly on the finest hill-top of the finest Kent valley within an hour of London.

It is a splendid bit of English craftsmanship, made in Mr Hyder's good forge of Kentish men at Plaxtol, every bit of it fashioned in copper.

And it is well and truly made, copied from the silver model of the Golden Hind that Queen Elizabeth gave to Drake, one of the rarest treasures in the world, still cherished in Drake's old home, within the walls which house Drake's Drum.

The Touch of Drake's Drum

When we look up at it, riding on the wind above our hills, we are looking at something Drake himself might recognise, though never could he have dreamed that a copy of his ship would ever be sailing here, where in a line due north there is nothing so high between this little golden ship and the Pole.

It has on board a treasure chest, as had its great original. It stands on the deck bound to the mast, and well may we wonder if ever a ship had such a chest on board. It is like a thread that binds the ages, with a touch of Caesar, a touch of Alfred, and a touch of Drake; it is Roman, Saxon, and Elizabethan too. It is made of Roman lead, lined with Saxon oak, and it has in it something of Drake's old home, something of the Spanish Armada, and something that has touched Drake's Drum.

The Armada Bullet

The Roman lead from which this chest is made was dug up from a Roman house on the banks of the River Darent at Eynsford; it was the water-pipe from a bath, and the pipe and the floor of the bathroom are in the garden on which the little ship looks down.

The oak which lines the chest is from a tree that was growing in Alfred's England, and was cut down and built into Lincoln Cathedral, where it has been for about 800 years.

Inside the chest is a fragment of stone from Buckland Abbey, Drake's home in Devon; a bullet from an Armada ship wrecked in Tobermory Bay; and an Elizabethan shilling which has touched an actual piece of the Golden Hind and the drum Drake kept on board. There are three fragments of the Golden Hind still left in the world; one is a table, one is a chair, and the other is a piece of timber on the banks of the Exe. It is this piece of timber that has been touched by the Elizabethan shilling.

The Flags of Drake's Ship

The Editor of the C.N., who has put up this ship and packed its treasure chest, owes it to the kindness of Lord and Lady Seaton that he has been able to give the chest this thrilling link with Drake. In Buckland Abbey, their beautiful home in Devon and the home of Francis Drake their kinsman, hangs Drake's Drum, of all things in England the most thrilling that a boy could see, but frail beyond all touch, and so set high on a wall out of danger's reach.

1800 PEOPLE IN A HARD, HARD WORLD

A BIRMINGHAM friend of the C.N. who was much touched by our Town Girl's verses to Helen Keller writes to ask how many of our readers know that today there are in this country 1800 people deaf and blind.

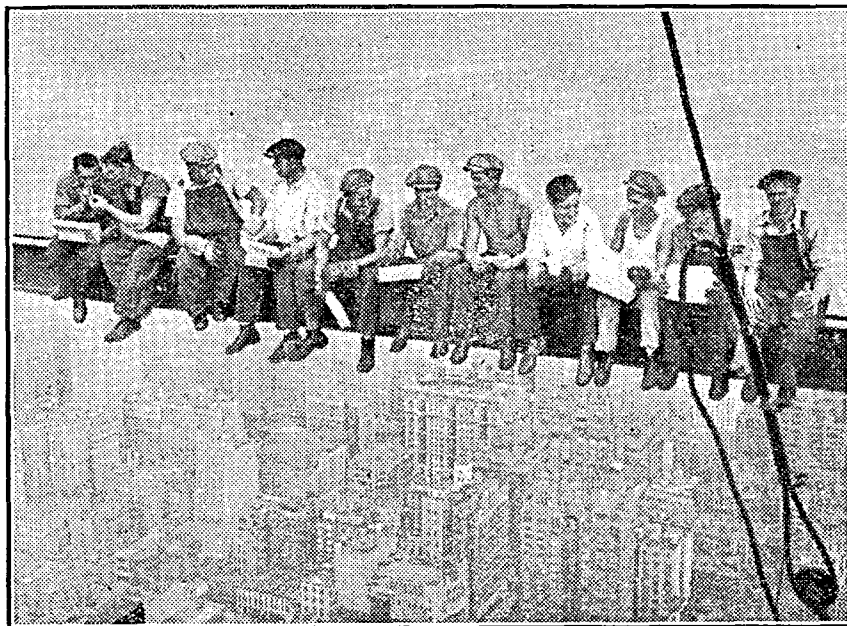
Five years ago the National Deaf-Blind Helper's League, consisting of deaf-blind members and seeing associates, was started by a few people, themselves deaf and blind, who realised the loneliness of many of these isolated people who are doubly handicapped in life. Some of them live in institutions where they often have a very dreary time. Even those who live in their own homes are often lonely, as it takes time and patience to talk to the deaf-blind. But most of these afflicted ones show wonderful courage and patience in

bearing their heavy load as they make their way along the dark road of life.

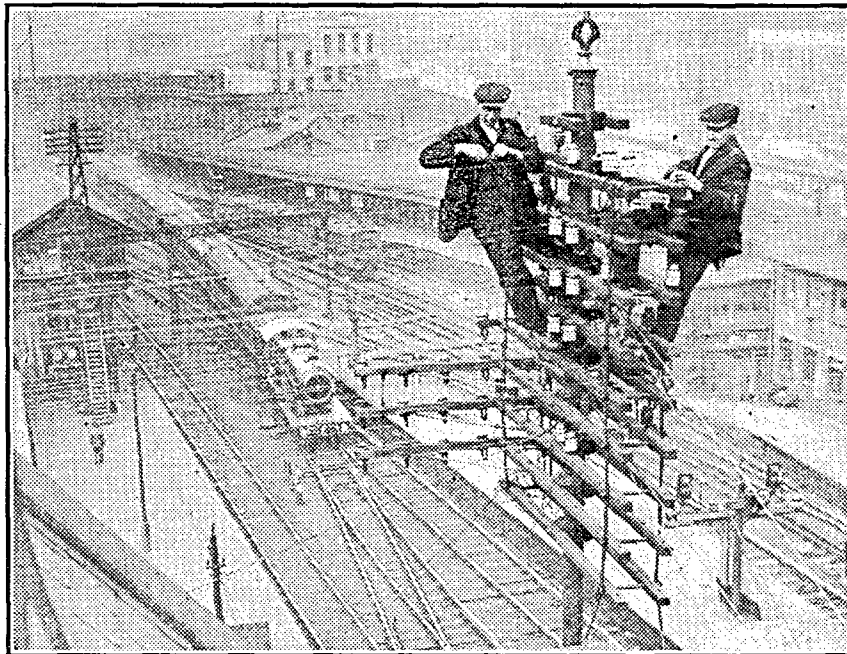
The Braille Rainbow, a quarterly magazine started by the League, is edited by a deaf-blind lady. At present the society has undertaken a very difficult task, to collect money to provide a Holiday Home for the members where they can spend a happy time with friends to whom they can talk.

Helen Keller has sent a generous subscription toward this fine scheme to bring happiness into the lives of her "fellow dwellers in darkness," and many deaf people have contributed money as thank-offerings for their sight. The smallest contributions from C.N. readers will be gratefully acknowledged if sent to Mrs E. H. Lee, 55, Sandford Road, Moseley, Birmingham.

AT WORK ABOVE NEW YORK AND LONDON



Workmen perched on a girder of a new skyscraper



The men in these pictures may be said to look down on other workers. Above we see a luncheon party on the steel frame of a new building in New York, and below are two telegraph linesmen at King's Cross, London.

Continued from the previous column

Lady Seaton, who has Queen Elizabeth's silver model from which this copper ship was made, allowed Drake's Drum to be touched with the face of Queen Elizabeth on the shilling, and at Nutwell Court, her house on the Exe, Lady Seaton touched the shilling with the precious fragment of the Golden Hind now hanging there.

The little ship sways in the storm, as the Golden Hind swayed in the storms of Magellan Bay, but it holds its own like the Golden Hind that

sailed close by along the Thames. The Queen came down and knighted Drake on board, with the very flags flying about her that still keep company with the drum in Lady Seaton's home. The people would have taken the Golden Hind and set it on St Paul's in place of the fallen spire, but it was not to be. Now its little copy flies at an equal height above the sea, calm in all the storms that blow, like that unruffled spirit of our Drake who sleeps beneath the waves. (Capt'n, art tha sleepin' there below?)

A GORILLA ADVENTURE

EXTRAORDINARY STORY FROM AFRICA

The Strange Sixth Sense That Seems To Come To Our Aid

A CURATE AND A WELL

A remarkable story of the sixth sense, and how it saved a man's life in the jungle, was told at a meeting of the South African Geographical Society in Johannesburg by Mr R. Ellenberger.

What is the sixth sense? It is something that seems to spring from instinct and experience, but is so different from our ordinary ways of thought that its messages appear to come from outside and to have an almost supernatural air.

Mr Ellenberger has been for 12 years a missionary to the tribes who live on the Ogoone River in the French Congo. One day he went into the forest to get some meat. He was not a big-game hunter, and his gun was only loaded with small shot suitable for killing little animals and birds.

The Voice in the Jungle

While he was waiting in the jungle he heard footsteps, followed by a growl. Then another growl came and he knew that a male gorilla was not far away.

It was the time of year when male gorillas are savage and ready to tear a man to pieces if they suspect him.

The alarmed man kept very still, hoping against hope that he might be hidden by the trunk of a tree, but the gorilla saw him and came hurtling through the undergrowth to the attack.

Mr Ellenberger knew that his small shot could not kill the huge beast, and thought "I must fire into his eyes and try to blind him."

Just as he was about to fire into the eyes of the charging creature he heard a clear voice ring out:

"Lower down—the carotid artery."

He lowered the muzzle of the gun and fired. The gorilla dropped behind a barricade of leafage.

Anxious Moments

Mr Ellenberger was terrified, for he knew that gorillas have a trick of disappearing and coming up behind an enemy. He expected the giant to spring upon him from the leaves, but the moments passed and nothing happened. The shot had severed the carotid artery and the gorilla was dead.

There was no other man within hail. The voice he had heard was the sixth sense.

Harold Begbie used to tell how the sixth sense saved his father, an Evangelical clergyman of the strictest truthfulness.

When he was a young man he went to see a rector who wished him to be curate in that parish. They inspected the curate's house together, and had tea at the rectory.

Just as it was getting dark the curate remembered that he had not measured the kitchen, and his wife had specially asked him to do so.

A Hand on His Ankle

The dusk turned to darkness as he walked back to the empty cottage, and when he had unlocked the back door he was confronted by pitch blackness. However, he thought he knew his way, and walked boldly down the passage till suddenly he felt a hand grasp his ankle.

He stopped instantly, and put his walking-stick out before him; where he expected to feel the stone flags, there was nothing. He backed down the passage and hurried back to the rectory, white and shaken.

When he told his experience the rector cried: "Good Heavens! The well!"

The curate did not know that the well was there, but he apprehended it through the sixth sense, and his brain interpreted its warning into a hand on his ankle.

There was no hand; and the voice Mr Ellenberger heard was no voice.

TAKING A TRAM IN MEXICO

No Ticket Litter Louts

The kinema is probably responsible for the deeply-rooted idea that Mexico is a wild country where everyone dashes about on horseback, the faster the better, to avoid being shot by some bold bad bandit or other daring outlaw.

When it comes to taking a tram in Mexico City the kinema loses all interest in the proceedings, yet it appears that in these tram services are some of the best and latest ideas.

Not only does Mexico City avoid the litter of tram tickets in the same way as do certain Australian cities mentioned in the C.N. (the tickets being taken at one door and immediately given up to another official), but the Mexican street-car companies issue weekly go-as-you-please tickets of various prices.

These tickets differ in colour and design each week, and are simply shown to an official before the passenger is allowed to leave the tram, entry being made by one door and exit by another. Such tickets allow the holder to make as many trips as he likes during the week within the radius they cover. It means a very great saving for those who use the trams a good deal.

THE TALK OF A PARIS HOME

From a Correspondent

Desmond is a Winchester boy who has been spending the time between school and Oxford in a Parisian home.

The son of the house was a young lawyer, and Desmond met many of his friends. They are, he reports, profoundly peace-loving. Every one of them chafes at and deprecates the idea of the one year's military service he has to put in. They speak long and eloquently in favour of disarmament.

This is the conversation of only one French home, but straws tell the way in which the wind is blowing, and we are very glad to have this piece of news of what is actually being said and felt by educated Young France.

A CHALLENGE TO 50 MEN

Giving what we can easily spare has not the same value as when it is done by self-denial or self-sacrifice.

That is the opinion of Canon W. H. Williams, who has challenged 50 men in his parish at Hemsworth, near Pontefract, to join him in a fortnight's abstinence from smokes, drinks, sweets, entertainments, and rides in trams or buses for distances under three miles.

He believes that a large sum of money will be saved in this way, to be given to a local church building fund.

A £10 LESSON FOR SILLY WALKERS

Pedestrians, take care!

In our crowded cities most people do take care for their own safety's sake, but there are always the other kind of people. In Sydney, Australia, new regulations have been issued which deal with the thoughtless walker. Pedestrians are told how to cross the road properly, and how to walk on the pavements so as to allow free passage in busy streets. Any failure to comply with the regulations can be met with a fine of ten pounds.

CATTLE AS FEES

A 17-year-old girl of Baton Rouge has paid her enrolment fee to the Louisiana State University with nine cattle which she drove up to the university herself.

This exchange of cattle for learning followed an announcement by the president of the university that in future farm products would be accepted as fees.

THIS MAD WORLD Taxes Too High For the Buildings

New York, in need of money, taxes buildings. The taxes are high.

The owners, in many cases, unable to pay the taxes, are tearing their buildings down.

Thus the city loses that bit of income entirely, but the owner saves at least his land. If he held his property intact and went into bankruptcy the whole of the property would be sold to pay the taxes and he would lose everything.

An empty building is often more of a liability than an asset, as insurance has to be paid, repairs made, and unwanted guests warded off. Sooner than face these inconveniences the owners of more than 300 of New York's big structures have had them pulled down in the last two years, and many valuable buildings in the centre of town now stand empty with hoardings around them, or are being used as temporary car parks.

Other cities in America where the same thing is going on are encouraging the owners of slums and eyesores to join this "pull-down-a-bad-building movement," and counting it as one of the chief benefits of the depression that numbers of wretched structures are being done away with.

288 COWS AT HOME

On the Shropshire estate known as Corfton Hall they are building the largest cowshed in the country. It is to hold 288 cows.

Cow hotel would seem to be a better name than cowshed for this huge and very hygienic building.

The making of this enormous place reminds us sharply of the great change in our countryside. In some of the villages the medieval tithe barns are still standing, big as churches, and occasionally, as in the case of the 276-foot barn at Abbotsbury, quite as beautiful. What visions of plenty are aroused by those huge barns!

Today we have no use for such granaries; but England is green with pastures, and we build cowsheds to hold 288 beasts.

WAREHOUSES ON WHEELS

The railways are ever on the look-out for ways in which to help traders, and incidentally to help their own business.

The L.M.S. has lately introduced a fleet of mobile warehouses to give extra accommodation where needed. Perhaps a manufacturer wishes to test a certain area as a market for his goods, and local warehouses are full or maybe do not even exist.

This is how the L.M.S. helps. Thirty parcels vans and passenger vehicles have been converted for use as warehouses in a number of important areas. These are placed in wayside goods yards which have railway sidings, so that freight can be unloaded direct.

These warehouses on wheels are proving very useful.

A STORK AND 50 SPARROWS

Children attending school at Grunewald in Germany cannot have done many lessons the other day.

While the schoolhouse was being repaired a giant stork's nest was found built of sticks as thick as an arm and of reeds, straw, moss, and hay.

Three feet high and nearly six feet across, this bird's house was twice the size of an ordinary stork's nest and so huge that four men could easily have sat inside it on chairs round a table.

This magic nest had attracted about 50 sparrows which made themselves homes and brought up their families in the spaces not needed by the storks.

THE ROAD HOG'S RED LIGHT A Tell-Tale Device

I am breaking the law!

There has been perfected a new device which would make the road hog say this, in effect, so that all should know. As soon as the legal speed limit was exceeded a red lamp would shine on the roof of the vehicle and also in the passenger compartment, if the vehicle were a bus or coach.

Although for cars there is no speed limit, lorries, buses, and coaches are required by law to keep within certain bounds, a fact which many drivers of these vehicles seem to ignore.

The new device has been perfected by the Pedestrians Association, and it is being shown by them to Government departments.

When a driver was approaching the speed limit for his vehicle a warning light would show on his dashboard. If this were ignored the red light would flash as soon as the limit were passed, and so advertise the guilt of the driver.

This tell-tale apparatus could be fitted to the speedometer at a cost of a pound or two and, to prevent dishonest drivers tampering with it, could be sealed like a taximeter.

SLAVERY DESTROYING ITSELF

We have known for a long time of the horrible slavery in the cocoa islands of San Thomé and Principe on the west of Africa, belonging to Portugal.

Now there is some good news. On the Gold Coast, which is on the mainland, the natives are growing cocoa of good quality and cheaper than the slave cocoa of the Portuguese. So the slave plantations are being ruined and the slavery there will automatically cease.

The point is that on plantations run by white men there must be one white man for every 30 natives, and this is in itself a great expense. When the natives themselves run their own plantations this great expense is all saved, and they can sell their cocoa cheaper and get all the market.

SOUTH AFRICA AND HOME GOODS

The latest Dominion duty on British goods is one imposed by the Union of South Africa.

By a proclamation of August 24 a special duty is levied on British rubber soles if exported to South Africa at a price less than the British domestic price. The duty is not to exceed half of the value of the rubber soles.

These surprising duties on British goods are in remarkable contrast to the fact that Dominion goods are untaxed at British ports. No doubt the British Board of Trade will make representations to the South African Government on the subject.

WHERE TO BUY THE LEAGUE'S BOOKS

We would like to remind our readers that the excellent World Economic Survey issued by the League of Nations and reviewed in the C.N. for September 17 can be obtained from George Allen and Unwin, 40, Museum Street, London, W.C.1.

To send an order for any League book direct to Geneva only means delay; the order should be sent to Allen and Unwin direct.

THROWING THE CHANCE AWAY

Of course you will not touch alcohol. For one thing, it is absolutely unnecessary; and, for another, you are jolly well throwing away any chance of winning even an infant's sack race.

President of Cambridge University Athletic Association

QUICK RISE FROM THE SEA BED A Diving Wonder

Two Australians have invented a diving suit which may revolutionise diving practice.

When it was tested in the deepest part of Sydney Harbour a diver went down to a depth of 165 feet and remained there for more than an hour. The return to the surface is usually a very slow affair. In fact, Admiralty regulations say that when a standard diving suit is used this should take an hour and forty minutes after being so long under water. But the diver in Sydney Harbour returned to the surface in less than four minutes, and on being medically examined he was found to be perfectly normal.

The secret of the new diving suit is that it is really two suits. The diver occupies the inner suit and is isolated from the outer suit by a cushion of air. The helmet, which is also a double affair, has an arrangement of valves; the inner chamber is used solely for the supply of fresh air for the diver.

It is claimed for this apparatus that it gives the diver greater mobility. It also provides him with a better supply of normal air and so enables him to remain below longer, and then come quickly to the surface without ill-effect.

NEPTUNE TO THE RESCUE

Father Neptune has decided to help British trade.

In various parts of our long coastline the sea eats away slowly but surely. Millions of pounds are needed periodically to keep it in bounds.

But at Point of Ayre, the rugged northerly point of the Isle of Man, gravel has been washed ashore by the waves for a number of years. The influx has reached the point where it is good business to make a new industry of it. It is a specially hard gravel, as lasting as granite, and machinery for crushing it has already been erected at the Point.

A loading jetty has also been built, so that both transport and time are saved, and the whole business is done at the spot where the gravel comes ashore. All this means that many men will be regularly employed, and many idle coasting tramps find regular cargo.

WILLIAM ROUTLEDGE STICKS TO IT

From Auckland comes an account of a man who stuck to his job in spite of a broken spine.

He was William Thirlwall Routledge, and was on a tour of inspection for the Auckland Acclimatisation Society when his car skidded and turned over.

When help arrived Routledge was found with terrible injuries. His spine was broken, and he was paralysed; but he was not thinking of himself.

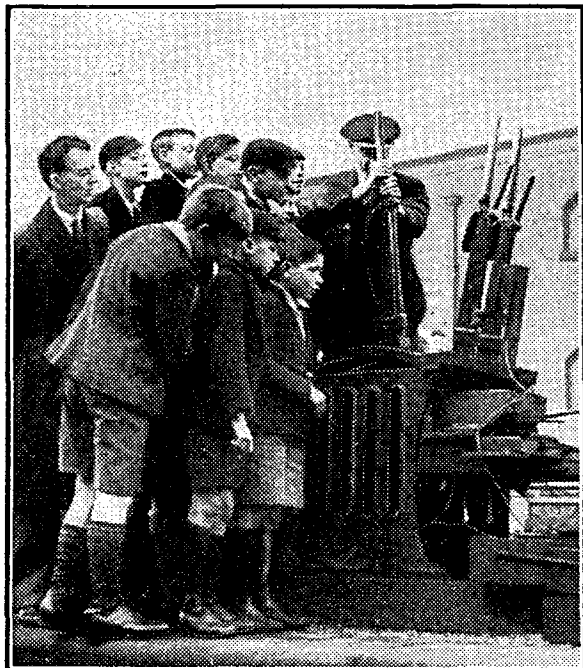
He said he had some reports to make to the society, and that they were not written. Fearing that he could not live many minutes he insisted on dictating them, and not till that was done would he allow people to lift him on to a stretcher. He died in hospital.

THE TRAFFIC POLICEMAN IN OLD EGYPT

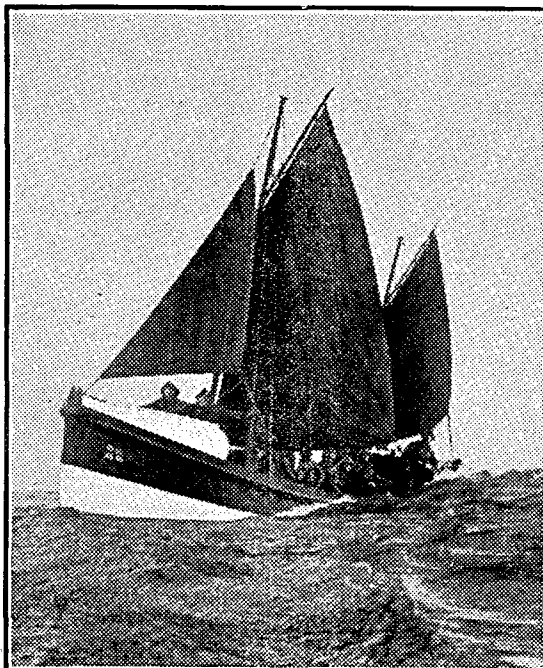
The other day someone versed in antiquarian lore pointed out that the traffic policeman is not so new a phenomenon as is generally supposed.

On the contrary, he was already known to the old Egyptians and existed as far back as the third century, for it is on record that when the philosopher Origen lectured in Alexandria on the principles of the Christian faith such immense crowds streamed to hear him that the authorities were compelled to place sentinels all along the road.

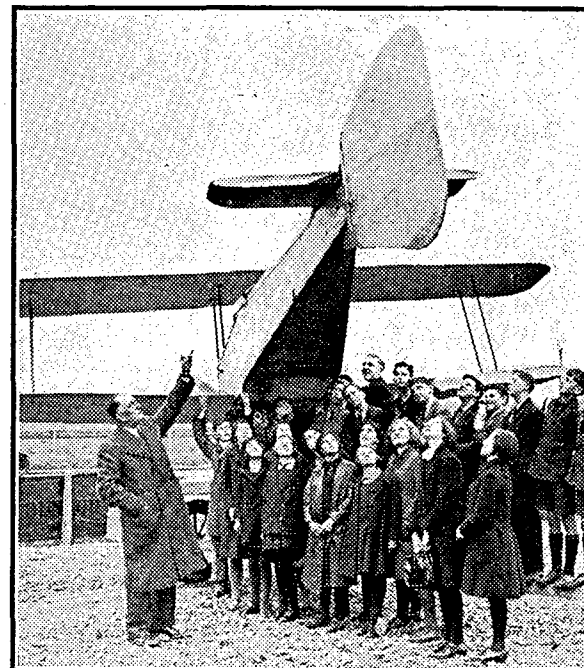
SOUTHAMPTON GROWING · LIFEBOAT SETS SAIL · A GIANT MUSHROOM



An Object Lesson—While visiting a railway works these Leeds schoolboys were greatly interested in the ingenious and important mechanism by which the working of the points is carried on.



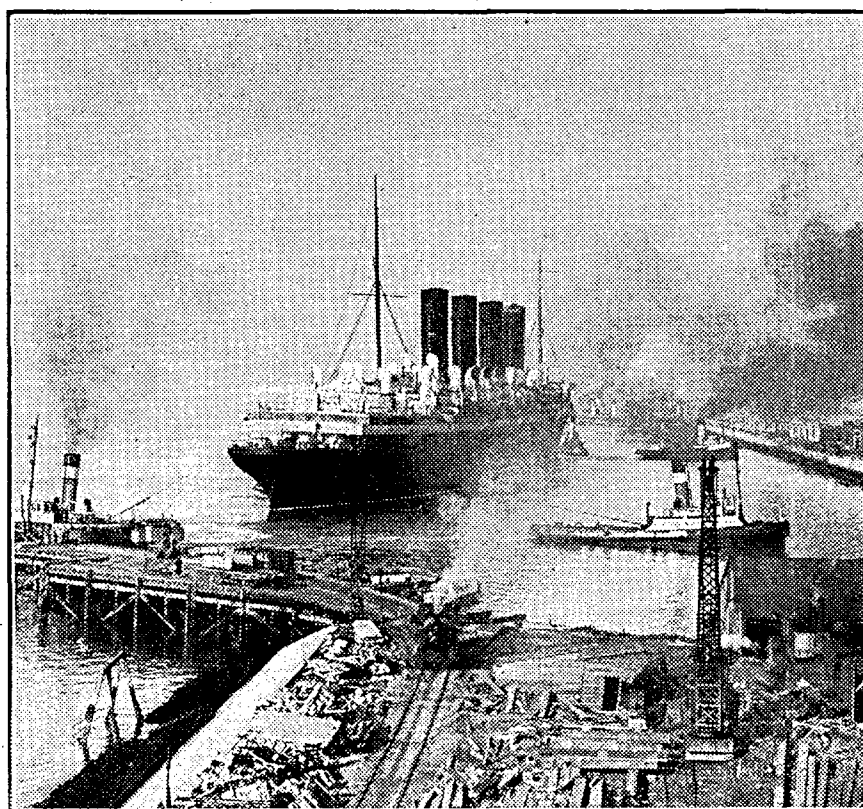
All Sail Set—Some of the lifeboats round our coasts are still sailing craft, as we are reminded by this picture taken after a practice launch.



Clipped Wings—This aeroplane, which is used for school demonstrations, cannot fly. It is attached to a long spar and runs round in a circle.



Dusty Work—When the soil of a large field needs lime it is often distributed over the freshly tilled ground from a wagon of this type, which scatters the fertiliser evenly.



Southampton Growing—The first liner to use the latest extension of Southampton Docks was the Mauretania, which is here seen being towed to her new berth.



Showing Its Teeth—Boys and girls who visited a London exhibition were much impressed by the gaping jaws of a dolphin's skeleton.



Giant Mushroom—This native of Northern Rhodesia is holding a mushroom which measures two feet in diameter.



The Herring Harvest—A great catch of silver herrings falls on the deck of a Yarmouth trawler as the nets are hauled in. See page 2.

POLICING THE ARCTIC CIRCLE

A SERVICE TO BE PROUD OF

Daily Life of the Red Coats in the Far North

THE BEAR CUBS IN THE IGLOO

The whole world has heard of the famous Canadian Mounted Police, of their daring and discipline, of their courage and kind-heartedness, of their thrilling exploits in the face of danger, and their almost unbelievable endurance.

Not everyone, however, has a clear picture of the day-by-day duties of the 116 men who form the Northern Patrol of "the Mounties" policing the Arctic and sub-Arctic region.

The official report shows us that these men, unlike the kinema heroes, do not spend their time dashing about on spirited horses riding down desperate criminals; they go slowly and painfully by dog-team, relieving distress among the Eskimos, helping with projects for conserving game, exploring unknown regions, collecting scientific information, taking the census, helping people make out their income-tax returns, and being guide, philosopher, and friend to the inhabitants.

How Five Days Were Spent

Constable J. H. Pearson gives this account of how he spent five days between Arctic Red River and Macpherson. "Furs were exported, returns of native fur collected, radio licences issued, income-tax returns collected, expired game licences taken up and new ones issued. Beaver permits were also collected, explosives at Blake's post examined, and the census taken."

All this was apparently satisfactory, for the Inspector gives a good report of Constable Pearson's detachment. He says: "I found the detachment in good order. Practically the whole district has been patrolled by dog-team. There were indications that the personnel had been regularly employed."

Problems of the Census

Everything ship-shape; this, the Inspector knows, means that that intangible thing called moral is in good order. He judges by that. He has to. It would, for example, be ridiculous to compare the day's work of a census-taker in Baker Street with one around Baker Lake on the basis of the number of persons enumerated. Two constables of the Baker Lake detachment had to travel 2635 miles by sled and boat to list a total population of 367 souls.

But travelling was not the only hardship on this detail. There was also the spelling. These people belonged to four tribes—the Padleyruits, the Savatamuits, the Krainelruits, and the Utkahikakingruits. If their first names were anything like their tribal names, Constables Nichols and Humphreys, who went out on this task, must have been glad when it ended.

The Huskies and the Bears

Constable J. W. McCormack tells of some Eskimos he met at Wagner Inlet who had taken two polar bear cubs in as members of the family.

They tried at first to train the small bears to pull the sled like the dogs. At first the dogs resented the presence of the little bears, and there were fights, but soon dogs and bears learned to put up with each other. But the bears were so much more clumsy than the fleet huskies that finally the family gave up that experiment as a bad job.

The cubs went on living with them, however, in a sort of threefold capacity as friends of the family, nursery governesses, and central heating. They slept at night in the igloo side by side with the people, helping to keep them warm, and in the daytime they played with the three little children.

Romance Has a Great Adventure

The Baby Lost and Found

FOR twenty years, while the world has gone on its way through a time of warfare of nations, the after-strife of peace, and a million other happenings, Romance (who never leaves her spinning-wheel) has been quietly weaving, thread by thread, one of her very best stories, which has now come to a happy ending.

In Athens, when the Balkan War was raging and when civil war for a time held its terrible sway, there lived a Greek with his British wife and their baby five months old. The mother was too ill to care for the baby and the child was given in charge of a nurse. Almost at the same time the disturbances in Athens grew to such a pitch that refugees began to pour out of the town. The parents of the baby, with others in danger, were taken on a French battle-ship, where they lived for two months.

An Unavailing Search

Meanwhile the nurse, too, had fled for safety, taking the baby with her; but where she had gone no one seemed to know. Baby had completely disappeared.

The parents left no stone unturned in their search; nothing was not done that could have been done to trace the tiny Theodora; and finally, almost in despair, the parents left for England, where they started in business.

In the meantime the nurse of the lost baby died, and her charge was eventually taken to an orphanage. Here a Balkan newspaper proprietor going over the orphanage took notice of this small baby with the soft brown eyes and offered to adopt her. He brought her up as his own child in Belgrade, where she took his name.

A romantic story even up to then, for such a short life, but Romance had not yet finished.

The Vital Thread

Romance did not forget one particular thread—a thread without which Theodora would never have been brought back to her own family; for that is what has happened. Romance saw to it that the nurse kept the name in remembrance, also that it was handed on to the orphanage, and again to her guardian—the name of Theodora Georgiades; and, though for twenty years the search did not cease, it was only this year that the father, who happened to be going abroad, said before he left "I shall not return without Theodora."

Travelling to Belgrade, he went to see a cousin who is a political minister there, and begged him to help. In quite a short time, as miracles never cease, a miracle happened. Theodora was found!

Her father brought her home to his shop in Southend.

They reached the door and he waited outside, perhaps in the way a man will

pause for a moment to bare his head or to remove his shoes before entering a sacred place, and the girl herself opened the door.

A little woman came forward from a room behind the shop expecting to see a customer, a woman Theodora never remembered having seen before, a small sweet-faced woman; but by some strange instinct the word *Mother* escaped from her lips. The next moment they had their arms round each other and were sobbing for joy.

"We cried for half an hour," said the mother, her eyes again filling with tears, for so close are joy and sorrow. "It was so pretty," she added; "so pretty, the way she came."

And then she said an interesting thing. "I have had in these years of waiting two or three severe illnesses. It was thought more than once that I wouldn't recover, but there was always in my mind the thought 'I will live, I will live, because I shall see Theodora again.'"

Making Discoveries

Theodora found a big brother, a big sister, and a little sister (a great and un-failing friend of the C.N.) of ten. She cannot speak English, but she is learning, and her relations can talk to her a little in French. Her days are spent at the moment in making discoveries. She finds, for instance, that she has almost precisely the same characteristics as her own sister of about her age, such as a craze for collecting little odds-and-ends, and, in fact, they find that they have almost exactly the same tastes and ideas in common.

Theodora is to be allowed to go back to Belgrade to see her kind guardian sometimes, but it is sad to hear that the good man has lost a great deal of his money, and before she left Belgrade his adopted daughter was working in a Press Bureau to help him.

The World's Strongest Tie

What a strange thing for a mother and father to find their little baby sprung up into a woman, and a woman who cannot speak their language (for Mr Georgiades is now a naturalised Englishman)! But twenty long years, a foreign tongue, and many miles of dividing sea cannot snap the strongest tie in the world, and the love which would have spread along all that time of being together has now grown, in the few weeks that have passed since Theodora's arrival at Southend from Belgrade, into as strong a bond as if there had been no parting.

As she lays aside this little design of woven threads Romance must see in it one of the loveliest of all her adventures.

One thing we ourselves are grateful for. Miss Theodora comes into a C.N. home. We wish her a long and happy life, every adventure as lovely as the last.

UNEMPLOYED MEN HELP EACH OTHER

A Good Story From Scotland

It is reported from Falkirk in Scotland that a number of unemployed men have determined to help each other by performing work directly for each other without the use of money. It is a most interesting experiment in barter.

An old building has been taken, and the men, by common agreement, are to work for each other for a stated time. The shoemaker mends shoes, the carpenter makes wooden articles, and so on.

By this means these enterprising men hope to eke out their subsistence on unemployment pay, while making a real addition to their incomes by work which they could not afford to command with money.

As we understand it, the work is only in the experimental stage, and we are not able to say if it will succeed. At the very least, however, it is the sort of self-help that we like to hear of.

THE EMPTY SEAT AT THE PICTURES

A Bright Idea From Mexico

A new invention has just been presented by Señor Ricardo Guttierrez Leyva to the Board of Consultation of the City of Mexico.

The invention is designed to prevent the owners of places of amusement from selling a greater number of tickets to the public than the premises have seating capacity for.

By this device the entrance halls of kinemas and theatres would be enabled to display special boards on which every seat inside would be represented by a small electric lamp.

These lamps would be connected by wires with the seats within, and so controlled that the moment any person whose weight was over twenty pounds took a seat the corresponding lamp on the indicator-board in the entrance hall would light up, thus showing the seat to be occupied.

OUR WINTER HEALTH RESORTS

Better Than the Riviera

GOOD SANITATION AS IMPORTANT AS GOOD CLIMATE

Many old and infirm people who had in previous winters gone to the French Riviera spent last winter in the health resorts of the south of England. And their health did not suffer in the least.

The truth of the matter, as some of our leading doctors have recently pointed out, is that those who winter in the towns of France run risks from which English towns are free. Good sanitation is lacking in many places abroad, and there is often the germ of paratyphoid lurking in their milk or their water, while influenza is very rife.

Many foreign towns spend lavishly on their casinos but grudge the smaller sums which would free their areas from dirt-borne disease.

Seeing that to these risks are added the sea passage and the weary journey by rail it will be realised that winter in our more sheltered health resorts may be safer and as enjoyable as abroad.

Our climate suits our island race, and Devon and Cornwall have beautiful scenery as well as a delightful climate.

Another important point is that this country can at present ill afford to lose the money that is so often squandered in the gambling towns of the Riviera.

£100,000,000

Marvels of the British Press

An official printing census shows that the British printing industry has an output worth nearly £100,000,000 a year and employs roundly 231,800 persons.

Newspapers form by far the chief part of the production. Here is an account of the chief items which make up the £100,000,000:

Daily newspapers	£30,300,000
Other newspapers	£11,100,000
Magazines and so on	£10,600,000
Books and bookbinding	£6,700,000
General printing	£24,500,000

We see that books account for a very small part of the grand total.

Of course the price paid by the public for this mass of printing is very much greater than the £100,000,000. These values are the wholesale values, not the retail. The price paid by the public for these products must approach £150,000,000 a year.

It could be wished that more books, especially more good books, were printed.

For the most part the great mass of printing produced by the trade is manufactured only to be destroyed almost as soon as it is made. The part that lives is only a fraction of the whole.

SAINT THERESE

A Memory in Dahomey

Goodness under any form is recognised and valued by the most savage tribes, however dark may be their ignorance.

So grateful is King Zounon Medje, King of the Night, a native ruler in Dahomey, for the wonderful work done by the Carmelite monks in his kingdom that he has offered a royal sceptre of ebony decorated in silver as a mark of homage to the memory of St Therese.

This sceptre, an expression of his gratitude, has been accepted by the Bishop of Lisieux and given a place of honour in the Theresian Museum at Lisieux in Normandy.

So, almost 400 years after St Therese became a Carmelite nun and, single-handed with all Spain against her, reformed her Order, the influences of her life are still at work in the most unlikely places.

THE RETURN OF TEMPEL'S COMET

SPECTACULAR EVENT

Earth Crosses the Path of a Visitor From Space

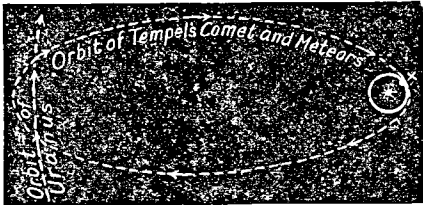
SHALL WE SEE A RAIN OF METEORS?

By the C.N. Astronomer

A great event is to take place in our region of the Solar System during the next twelve months.

It is the anticipated return of Tempel's Comet of 1866, a comet which now rivals Halley's Comet for first place among famous periodic comets, though for a different reason.

Tempel's Comet may not be so striking a spectacle, and it has not been traced back to ancient times, as is the case with Halley's Comet; but it may, under favourable circumstances, provide for



The path of Tempel's Comet relative to the Earth's orbit, which is represented by the circle on the right. The meeting-point is indicated by the cross

our entertainment a celestial firework display of great magnitude and duration. After approaching our world it leaves behind an enormous train of cometary particles, which the Earth passes through about the middle of November.

Many millions of these particles have on past occasions (as, for instance, in the years 1799, 1833, and 1866) entered the Earth's atmosphere at terrific speed (some 80 times faster than a bullet from a rifle) and have become incandescent, covering the sky with a magnificent rain of meteors.

This famous comet is now believed to be again approaching the Earth's orbit from the remote regions beyond Uranus, about two thousand million miles away. As it takes approximately 33 and a third years to traverse this immense elongated orbit of something like five thousand million miles the comet should be back again by now; indeed it may be discovered any day. It is likely, however, to be some time before it comes within reach of general observation, if it ever does.

Of more interest are the meteors which have on occasion provided magnificent and impressive spectacles at about the time that their parent, Tempel's Comet, was leaving the Earth's orbit.

The Amazing Leonids

Every year our world crosses the path of the meteors left behind by this comet. This occurs between November 13 and 17, when invariably a number of these cometary particles are seen. This shows what a vast stream of them (some five thousand million miles long) must exist. Only those that enter the Earth's atmosphere are observed, for then, owing to their terrific speed (about 40 miles a second), they become ignited and we see each one for a second or so, while it is being burned up, as a meteor.

These are called Leonid meteors, because they appear to come from the constellation of Leo.

This region of the sky is now due east about midnight, rather too low for many of the meteors to be observed; the early morning, when Leo is then high in the south, is a much better time to look for them.

It is the November of next year which offers the prospect of a grand display of these meteors, unless, of course, we are again disappointed, as in 1899, the date of the last expected return of Tempel's Comet, when neither comet nor the anticipated grand meteor display was seen.

G. F. M.

STRONGER AND LIGHTER PLANES

More Safety in the Air

In recent years metal has largely taken the place of wood in aircraft construction. Aluminium alloys have been produced which are lighter than wood and can withstand greater strains.

Research workers at the National Physical Laboratory at Teddington have been conducting experiments to find means of making these alloys stronger still, and they have succeeded in removing the cause of certain flaws which sometimes crept into the metal.

There has been a tendency for hydrogen bubbles to form in the metal when in a molten state. The new process removes this source of weakness.

Besides the framework of aeroplanes, wing coverings, engine parts, and hulls of flying-boats are often built of metal; and it is said that the new discovery will greatly add to the efficiency of aluminium welding.

With the increased strength of the metal it should follow in time that the weight can be further reduced, leaving a greater portion of an aeroplane's total weight available for paying loads.

7000 OLD BRIDGES

Work For the Unemployed

It is said that the bridges of England are ten years behind the roads.

According to the Royal Commission on Transport about 7000 bridges on the highways should be replaced.

Many of these are not strong enough for present-day traffic, and so in several cases heavy vehicles are compelled to go a long way round. Some are too narrow, and yet others are awkwardly aligned and positively dangerous with the fast-moving traffic of today.

Quite a number of bridges are owned by private companies, and their owners are required to keep them in order for the class of traffic by which they were used at the time of construction.

At present these bridges are being replaced at the rate of 300 to 400 a year, but this is not quick enough. Here is a chance for the Government to employ a further 25,000 or 30,000 men on work that is really urgent.

When the number of doles that would be saved is considered it will be seen that the cost would not be excessive. By this means it would be possible to replace a thousand bridges a year, and so increase the usefulness of our roads.

WHO WAS JOAN OF ARC?

Born Domremy, 1412. Died Rouen, 1431.

The Maid of Orleans was the daughter of peasants. She never learned to read or write, but was characterised by boundless mental and physical activity. In her girlhood the English were masters of France north of the Loire, and Henry VI of England had been proclaimed King of France.

A local saying that France was to be redeemed by a virgin out of the Forest of Domremy seems to have impressed her mind. Although she was devoted to her parents, and received with reverence the spiritual instruction of her mother, she dwelled apart, as it were, and dreamed of the prophecy until she fancied that she heard supernatural voices declaring that she was the maid appointed to the task.

She gained access to the Court of Charles VII and persuaded him to give her the command of an army. At the head of this force she raised the Siege of Orleans, drove the English from their principal position on the Loire, and had Charles crowned at Rheims.

Continuing her campaign against the invaders, she was eventually captured by the English at Compiègne—sold, it is said, by traitors for 10,000 crowns.

Arraigned before a spiritual tribunal at Rouen, she was condemned as a heretic and burned at the stake.

SUCCESSFUL OPERATION ON A MONKEY

GIVING CHARLIE BACK HIS SIGHT

Canadian Beavers Preparing Their Winter Quarters

THE COLD DAYS COMING

By Our Zoo Correspondent

Some time ago a playful young capuchin monkey called Charlie began to excite sympathy on account of his eyes, which were gradually becoming covered with cataract. Eventually poor Charlie became completely blind and must have felt that life held no more fun for him.

However, the Zoo's clever surgeon came to the rescue, performed an operation on each eye, and, after a period of convalescence, sent him back to the Monkey House with his sight fully restored.

Hiding From Mild Weather

In another part of the menagerie the Canadian beavers are preparing their winter quarters. Each day they may be seen carrying twigs and grass into their subterranean dwelling, for they propose to plaster-up the entrance to their nest with mud and retire inside, leaving a small hole for ventilation.

During the winter they seldom emerge to take food unless they believe that a spell of hard, frosty weather has arrived. If their pond should freeze they will come out and entertain visitors by gnawing at the ice to break it, for they are in their element during cold weather. But if the weather is mild they will remain hidden, eat the stores they have packed away in their den, and take little interest in the pond until spring comes round again.

The Pygmy Hippos

Animals sent to Whipsnade for their summer holiday are rapidly returning to Regent's Park. The pygmy hippos are back in their heated Zoo quarters, and the flamingoes, the crested screamers, and many other birds hardy enough to live out of doors in London in winter have deserted the country zoo, which they consider too exposed.

The alligators which were sent to Whipsnade in the summer are still there. They disappeared under water as soon as the weather became chilly; and as they are evidently lying deep in the mud at the bottom of the pond it is thought that they will manage to keep themselves warm even if the winter should be a hard one.

It is difficult to believe that these tropical creatures can survive an English winter, even if buried in mud.

C.N. QUESTION BOX

Questions must be asked on postcards, and sent to C.N. Question Box, John Carpenter House, Whitefriars, London, E.C.4, one question on each card, with name and address.

Why is the District Round Blackpool and Preston Called the Fylde?

Fylde is a spelling of field; it is applied to the district between the estuaries of the Wyre and Ribble because of its flatness.

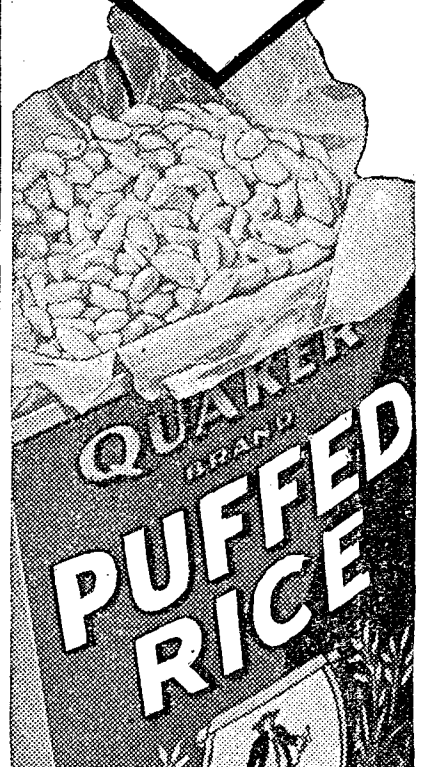
When is a Mayor Called a Lord Mayor?

When he is the chief magistrate of a large chartered city, as in the case of London, Belfast, Birmingham, Bradford, Bristol, Cardiff, Hull, Leeds, Leicester, Liverpool, Manchester, Newcastle, Norwich, Nottingham, Sheffield, Stoke-on-Trent, and York.

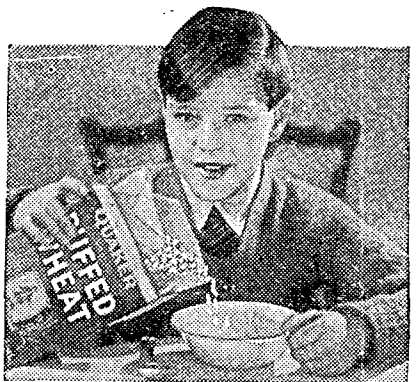
What Comprises a Modern Navy?

A number of war vessels including battle-ships, battle cruisers, cruisers, cruiser mine-layers, aircraft carriers, flotilla leaders, destroyers, torpedo-boats, submarines, sloops, coastal motor-boats, gunboats, and mine-sweepers.

Served
in a flash
straight
from the
packet



Rush breakfasts present no problems to housewives who serve Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice. They are ready to serve straight from the Seal Krisp packet. "The crispest cereals you've ever tasted," you'll say. And this is why. Selected grains of wheat and rice are puffed to complete digestibility. A special "twice-crisping" process, crisps them once—then again. Seals them piping hot into the Seal Krisp packet which prevents damp affecting the contents. They are as crisp as when they were sealed. Try them on a wet morning—they're as crisp as ever.



John prefers a Puffed Wheat breakfast, others Puffed Rice. Get a packet of both—ask your family which they prefer.

Made and Guaranteed by Quaker Oats Ltd., London

**Stop that
cold with**



**Don't take it home
to your family**

You travel and work all day in an atmosphere laden with cold germs. Unless you destroy these germs you will take them home with you and probably start within your family a round of colds pregnant with dangerous possibilities.

Vapex cleans and fortifies the delicate inner membranes of the nose and throat. It gives immediate relief by clearing the nasal passages. It gently stimulates the respiratory system.

Simply put a drop of Vapex on a handkerchief and breathe often its pleasant but powerful antiseptic vapour. Put a drop of Vapex on your pillow and fight the cold while you sleep.

Cold time is danger time. Be sure to use Vapex—**instantly available—
instantly effective.**

Of Chemists 2/- & 3/-

THOMAS KERFOOT & CO. LTD.
V.75C

GOOD IT'S MASON'S
AND NON-ALCOHOLIC

POST FREE. This case contains three trial bottles of Mason's Wine Essences, Ginger, Orange and Black Currant. Each bottle contains enough essence to make a full size bottle of delicious wine. The case will be sent post free to all who send name and address and 8d. to:—

NEWBALL & MASON LTD., NOTTINGHAM

Coupon
Cut out this coupon and post to-day.

I enclose 8d. in stamps and would like to sample your Ginger, Orange and Black Currant Wine Essences.

Name.....
Address.....

PLEASE MENTION "The Children's Newspaper" when in communication with our advertisers.

They take some looking after!

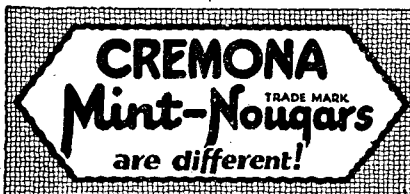
Mother was wily about the Lifebuoy rule. Order the boys to do anything and they jib at once. Put it as a personal favour and they're on it like a shot! That's how it was about the Lifebuoy habit. Mother just explained how very dangerous dirt can be; how the germs in it caused illness, and illness of course meant work and worry for her; but that the Lifebuoy lather gets rid of dirt and so protects health. Now they're keen on it. Whatever else the boys forget they never scamp their wash with Lifebuoy Soap.



LIFEBUOY

**is more than a good soap
—it's a good habit**

L 593-274-55 A LEVER PRODUCT



TWO WONDERS ON A FARM The Calf and Its Mother AND THE MARVELLOUS LILY

When a calf was born in a field the other day on Vancouver Island it escaped from the farmer who was trying to take it with the mother cow into shelter, and dashed away into the bush.

Two days later the farmer managed to find it, but he had great difficulty in catching the long-legged creature, so nimbly did it elude him. He tried to corner it near the water front, but the calf leaped over the edge of a forty-foot high cliff, straight into the sea. If one of his cows had jumped over the Moon, he would not have been more surprised, and when the 48-hours-old calf took like a duck to the water and made its way straight for a rock in the bay he was still more amazed.

Who would have imagined that a new-born calf could have sense and ability enough to swim for its life? A wild goose chase was put into the shade that day; but at last the farmer and another man set out on a raft, managed to rescue the bold little creature, and brought it back to its mother.

A Glory of Blossom

From the same place on Vancouver Island comes the story of another wonderful happening in Nature.

Jack could not have been more astonished at the size of his beanstalk than was the owner of the land on which the precocious calf was born when one of his lilies lately grew to such a height and size, and burst into such a glory of blossom, that it has been the wonder of the island.

Over ten feet high, with nearly 40 flowers, each measuring ten inches across, this was a record example of *Lilium Auratum*, and attracted the notice of all florists. The Government horticulturist has had it photographed and the picture is being kept as a record.

MORE ABOUT THE KANGAROO RAT

Not So Dead As We Thought

The tale of the lost kangaroo rat, found after 90 years, was told in the C.N. a little while ago.

After a trying search by Mr Finlayson of the Adelaide Museum it was discovered in the waterless South Australian desert, and was hailed with great rejoicing because it had been supposed to have become extinct.

It now appears from the letter of another Australian correspondent, Mr I. Carurthen of Broken Hill, that the reports of the kangaroo rat's extinction, as Mark Twain said of those of his own demise, had been greatly exaggerated.

Mr Carurthen, who is just on the northerly side of 50 years, affirms that, unless his memory plays him false, there were in his boyhood some kangaroo rats to be seen about Humbug Scrub, the home of our old friend Mr Bellchambers. Our correspondent mentioned the matter to his father, who assured him there were many kangaroo rats to be found south-west of Port Augusta 50 years ago.

Mr Carurthen, senior, was well-sinking in that part of the country at that time. White men about there used to eat the rats because thereabouts they formed the only fresh meat obtainable.

Australia's interior is so vast, and so much of it is scarcely inhabited or even explored, that this all may be true; and in one way it bears out the belief that the kangaroo rat disappeared because the Australian Blacks devoured it with greater persistence than the few white men who did so.

It is at any rate gratifying to know that this little creature, called *Oolacunta* by the Blacks and *Caloprymus* by the scientific Whites, has survived the depredations of both.

THE LITTLE BRIDE A SWEEPER'S DAUGHTER AND HER FEAST

The Day of the Wedding and
the Week of Great Happiness

WAYS OF THE EAST

From a Correspondent in India

A wedding took place in the compound this week, the bride, who will not join her husband for a few years, being twelve years old and her husband twenty. She is the daughter of a sweeper, the lowest caste apart from the Untouchables.

The little girl starts the festivities by going to stay for two days at the bridegroom's house with his people. There she is bathed by the village women in a yellow wash three times a day, after which the bridegroom comes to stay at the bride's house, and again the village women there wash the bride in the yellow wash for two days. All this time, for about a week, there are feasting and singing and tom-tom beating.

A Picturesque Ceremony

Then comes the day of the wedding. The bride and groom sit on the ground under a tree facing each other with the Hindu priest between them and the villagers in a circle all round. The bridegroom sits holding his head high, while the bride has her head bowed.

On the ground between them there are three trays, one containing the presents of the bridegroom to the bride; one her presents to him; and the third rice. The priest then lifts up a bracelet and hands it to the man, who places it on the girl's wrist. Next come earrings; then a ring for her second toe; and lastly a necklace, at which presentation all the villagers stand up. Before this is placed round the bride's neck the bridegroom holds it stretched out in both hands and every guest touches it, after which the young man ties it round the girl's neck, a sign that she has now become his wife. The guests clap, and then comes a great garlanding. Bride and bridegroom are garlanded and crowned with flowers, and the priest scatters rice over them.

Encased in Flowers

If there are English guests present (and there was one on the occasion of this particular marriage) they are often garlanded too. This time the bride and bridegroom, so encased in flowers that they could hardly be seen, stepped forward, headed by a lovely little girl of three, sister of the bride, and, after receiving a present from the English lady visitor they in turn went down on their knees with their hands together, touching her shoes and bowing their heads on to their hands. This strange ritual was repeated by the mother and father of the bride, and also by the tiny girl. Then around her neck the bride placed a garland of eastern flowers.

On the marriage day, as the custom is, there are feasting and singing at the husband's house, and on the next day the same at the wife's, ending up with a visit to the bazaar, where the husband chooses a new pair of shoes and a puggaree, which are paid for by the bride's mother. Then on the day after the little bride comes back to her father's house for perhaps five years.

East and West

At the ceremony one village scribe has been sitting behind the bridegroom's chair, and another behind the bride's, making lists of the presents, so that one day when they make a home they will have a note of all their belongings. It is all picturesque and strange, though probably an English wedding with bells instead of tom-toms, with orange blossoms instead of garlands, and with a ring instead of a necklace, with no dipping in some yellow wash, and no clapping, would seem every bit as strange to those Indian folk were they wedding guests in England.

TWENTY GOOD SHIPS

Serial Story by
Gunby Hadath

What Has Happened Before

Twenty ships lying at anchor in the bay! They arouse Jim's interest, for nothing ever seems to happen in Polgelly, where he lives with old Captain Ben.

Miles Maravin, of the Guadeloupe Inn, is interested too, though he won't admit it. And so, quite evidently, is a mysterious somewhat forbidding-looking stranger, who has ascended the cliff to gaze at them.

One night the Captain disappears, and Jim, who goes in search of him, finds him in Bristol, in the company of Squire Deedwinnick.

CHAPTER 9

Afloat

THEN the Captain beckoned Jim farther along the passage till they came to the bend of the stairs, out of sight of the sitting-room. There was a little seat here, to which he drew Jim.

"Now hark 'ee, lad," he said, with his head very close. "I've something to say to you before you see Mr Deedwinnick."

As if on his own part Jim had nothing to say! But he held his tongue, waiting.

"Jim? What like was the man who called himself Jaffray?"

He was forced to wrench his mind: it came so abruptly.

"The man's legs were crooked," he said. "And the skin across his teeth was stretched tight as a drum. And he had red rims to his eyes."

Cap'n Ben reflected a moment.

"All right. Let it be," he said. "And next, my lad, for a word about present company. There are hazards that are mad and there's some that are perilous, and I have it in my mind that I'm heading for both."

He glanced up the staircase and down it before he went on.

"Well, now," he said, "to get some cargo out of my hold, lad. I'll be glad to be rid of it, for it's troubled me mightily. If I've been in the doldrums and lost the wind from my sails, that hasn't been on my own account, but on yours. Was I to take you with me, or leave you behind?"

He stopped, and when his gaze had well measured Jim, much as Maravin's had done on the top of the cliff, he gave himself a little nod and proceeded.

"And maybe," he said in simple tones, "I was forgetting that ashore or afloat it makes no difference to Providence; she'll keep her watch out for a man wherever he be. So here's the sum of it, lad—you're to choose for yourself." And, whipping out an enormous red handkerchief, he expelled a long breath and mopped his forehead.

"I am going," Jim said, "with you."

"Nay, not so fast. I allow you're to choose for yourself. But not with your eyes shut."

"But you told me I was to stand by for my sailing orders!"

"Aye, and so I did," returned Captain Ben shrewdly. "But your sailing orders for where, lad? I've two lots for you. One lot sends you to sea, t'other back to Polgelly. Nay, sit you down!" he broke out, for Jim had sprung up with a flood of expostulation on his lips. "Sit you down, and listen to me, for there's no sense in running aground just to find what it feels like. No. There's something you've got to hear first, before you decide."

He dropped his voice lower still.

"I can't tell you all," he said, "being under orders to pass the word to no one until we're at sea, but I've got the Squire's permission to show you the kernel. And here it is: We're bound on no pleasure cruise, lad. It's no dainty business we're on, and that's the long and short of it."

As the grave tones ceased there flashed back into Jim's mind that mutter which had fallen from the man Merciful. What had he asked? Where the good ships would carry him. To battle, murder, and sudden death, he had muttered.

"So which is it to be, lad? My road, or Polgelly?"

Their eyes met and held an instant. Then Jim was on his feet again, with his jaw thrusting out in the fashion of his companion's.

"Your road's my road," he said.

"I expected no other answer," said Cap'n Ben quietly.

Twenty-four hours later Jim was aboard. For the schooner, The Dancing Nan, had come in on the tide. As Jim had reckoned when he was conning her from the cliffs, she could scarcely have exceeded a hundred tons burden, but her staunch build showed she would stand up well to all weathers, as she swung there at her moorings a little way out, ducking and bowing to the

hearty lift of the water: for a sea was running that made little more than a cork of the cockleshell in which Jim was carried out to her.

Then a little gangway was lowered and Jim scrambled up, and immediately was taken below to the cabin.

Here he found Mr Deedwinnick, sitting very still and grand, with a litter of documents on the table before him.

"Friend Jim," said he, pushing one of the papers across, "it behoves that all is put shipshape between you and me. Read that document, which strikes the bargain between us. Or stay," he added, as Jim but stared in response, "I'll tell you in a very few words what it says. If you sign this paper you bind yourself my apprentice on sea: to serve myself and those put over you loyally and faithfully, to be diligent in your duty and, in short, to do as you're told, Jim. No, wait!" he insisted, for Jim had reached for the pen. "That much is your contract with me. Now here's mine with you. I bind myself to provide you with clothing and food, to pay you a wage of twenty shillings a month, and to instruct you in all that appertains to good seamanship so far as your capacity to learn will permit."

He plucked the pen from the inkpot: "Now is that a bargain?"

At the foot of the document were two great splashes of sealing-wax. Mr Deedwinnick gave him the pen.

"Sign here, by that wax," he bade. "And when you have signed your name place a finger on the wax and repeat these words after me. Ah! but wait a moment!" He rose and stood very straight on his side of the table. "Sign there," he said. "Yes, that's the way. Now repeat these words after me: I deliver this as my hand and seal. God Save the King."

So Jim recited the words in a round solemn voice, and then the Squire spoke them out for himself with equal solemnity, signed his name near the second seal, and folded the paper.

"And now," he pronounced, as he popped it away in a drawer and his manner relaxed, "you and I know just where we stand, my friend Jim. If you mutiny I can string you up on the yard-arm; and egad, I will so!" he added, with a great laugh. Next he pressed a bell, and a long-featured seaman appeared.

"Gannett, this lad has signed on as ship's boy. Show him his bunk, Gannett. Then find him a polishing rag and see he steps lively."

"Aye, aye, sir," responded the seaman, touching his forelock.

He led Jim forward and through the scuttle into the fore-castle, abaft the smaller scuttle down to the forepeak, with its miscellaneous assemblage of paint-pots, cordage, and spares.

CHAPTER 10

The Dancing Nan

JIM found afterwards that he could have reached his quarters in the fo'c'sle through a sliding door from deck, but at this rare moment he was too intent for aught but to follow his guide. And now here he was, with more room than he had supposed, between two tiers of bunks running fore and aft either side, and space enough in the middle to rig the collapsible mess table and for the clamped chairs. A swinging lamp was supplementing the skylight, and showed him the pegs between the portholes for hanging clothes, or for drying them in bad weather, as Gannett explained. And he saw, too, that on the beams and the timbers of the bulkhead which shut off the forepeak someone had been busy with recent white paint.

Gannett pointed to one of the bunks to starboard.

"That's yours," he uttered laconically.

But the man opened out when Jim began to ask questions.

"Not so fast, lad," he remonstrated. "One at a time. How many hands, you ax, does The Dancing Nan carry? She has six hands on her muster; that's four beside myself an' my messmate, Tom Honeyman. Though for sure Tom isn't rated A.B.; he's the cook—which is the reason that I suffer so in my innards." He clapped his hands to his middle, and let out a groan. "For Tom ain't no cook," he said mournfully, "nor never was one, as you'll find when you try your teeth upon his plum-duff. And next you ax?"

"Who the mate is?" said Jim.

"Our mate is Mr Tregenna, a Bodmin man he be."

Continued on the next page

Clearly the Best

HIGHER CLASS QUALITY GINGER FLAVOUR

W.M.P. HARTLEY'S TABLE JELLY

LONDON

JELLY MUST BE KEPT IN A COOL DRY PLACE

WINS ALL HEARTS

4 ONLY

No jelly is so delightfully flavoured, and none so universally popular.

The children's treat.

HARTLEY'S TABLE JELLIES JAMS AND MARMALADE



A Famous Monthly Magazine

Every Boy will Enjoy

CHUMS has been famous for many, many years—and is now more popular than ever. Every month it is crammed with splendid yarns, exploits of well-known explorers, sea mysteries and tales of adventure, school and sport. There are always two magnificent serials, a book-length story and short stories, besides articles on hobbies and films, and eight pages in PHOTOGRAVURE. Here are some of the splendid features in the NOVEMBER issue:—

"THE TRUMPET OF THE EMPEROR,"

A Thrilling Long Complete Story of the Foreign Legion.

By DRAYCOT M. DELL

"TERROR ISLAND,"

A Powerful Book-length Story of Adventure in Antarctic Wastes.

By BARTON FURSE.

"ALL THE SCHOOL WONDERED,"

By Sr. JOHN PEARCE.

"GALLEONS O' DEATH,"

By Rear-Admiral E. R. G. EVANS, C.B., D.S.O., R.N.

"THE BUCKING-UP OF BUTCHER,"

By ROBERT WILSON.

"WHITE MAN'S MAGIC,"

A Splendid Story of African Adventure.

By REX HARDINGE.

Other features include a Special Interview with P. G. WODEHOUSE, a Radio Article by Ronald Tiltman, A.M.I.E., "Your Stamp Album," by Fred J. Melville, and "Model Aeroplanes," by Air Scribe.

CHUMS

Buy the November Issue Now

1/-

"And the bosun?"
 "He's Mr Sunshine."
 "Sunshine?" breathed Jim.
 "Aye, Sunshine by name an' Sunshine by nature, *that's him!*" the seaman returned, with a deeper groan than before. "When you see him a-comin' for you with the tail of a rope you'll know why his god-fathers and godmothers christened him Sunshine. Well, and Mr Deedwinnick, he's skipper; nor don't you forget it!"

This reminded Jim of something Cap'n Ben had once told him. "But I thought," he exclaimed, "that no one was allowed to command a ship unless he held what they call a master's certificate?"

"Aye," declared Gannett, "and Mr Deedwinnick holds his. As mate and master he's got his ticket to show." Then the long face almost broadened with a glow. "An' mark 'ee!" he cried, "if you can find me a more proper seaman on all the seven seas than Squire Deedwinnick you can eat me, my lad!"

Then Gannett yawned, and dropped on to one of the bunks. "It's my watch below," he grunted, "so out you clear, lad!"

"Are there only two men mounting watch when the ship's in port?" Jim said.

"Aye," said Gannett, turning over upon his side.

So when he had stowed the chest which Cap'n Ben had bought and fitted out for him in Bristol, and seeing that the polishing rag appeared to have slipped Gannett's memory, Jim clambered up to the fo'c'sle head to take a look round.

Abaft the break of the fo'c'sle head rose the foremast, with the canvas furling on its yards, and its tracery of shrouds and ratlines and stays. Between this and the mainmast he detected the cargo hatch, and behind the mainmast the scuttle to the ship's store-room.

Then his eye travelled starboard, to bring up against the cook's galley; and while he was glancing a fat man in trousers and singlet came out and discharged a bucket of dishwater over the side. So that would be Tom Honeyman, Jim reflected, as he passed his gaze off to the poop-deck, where stood wheel and binnacle. In the poop itself was the cabin to which he had been first conducted, Mr Deedwinnick's own, very airy and large, with a broad stern-window above a locker heaped with gay

Continued in the last column

JACKO WINS A PRIZE

FOR some little time the Mayor had been trying to think of a way to keep the Monkeyville streets more tidy, and at last he decided on a competition.

He promised to give a handsome prize to the boy who collected the largest number of bus tickets and handed them in by a certain date.

No sooner did Jacko hear about it than he started collecting for all he was worth. Every spare minute was spent

"Hold tight!" shouted Chimp's voice as Jacko suddenly barged into his friend round a corner. "You've been looking for tickets till you can't look where you're going. Now squint at mine!" he cried, waving his bag in the air.

Jacko grinned, and held out his own, which was three times as heavy.

Chimp stared in amazement. "Going to judge by weight, are they?" he



"Take that!" shouted Jacko

in scouring the ground, waiting at bus-stops for people to get off, and worrying his friends to save their tickets for him.

"I've never known Jacko to work so hard!" exclaimed his mother one day.

"And I've never seen the streets so spick and span," answered Father Jacko; "there must be dozens of lads going in for this competition."

The final morning arrived at last, and Jacko set off for the Town Hall with his tickets in a huge paper bag.

"I'll eat my hat if I don't get that prize," he chuckled. "And then, by Jingo! I'll—"

teased. "Well I guess there's something else as well as tickets in yours!"

Jacko thought he meant it. "Think I don't play fair, do you?" he shouted furiously. "Take that!"

Flinging up his arm he brought his bag down with a whack on Chimp's head. The great bag burst, and in a twinkling both boys were smothered in a shower of bus tickets!

"Just my luck!" muttered Jacko, scrambling to gather them up.

But his luck hadn't deserted him, for when at last he reached the Mayor he managed to win the prize after all!

cushions, a spacious skylight amidships, and a mahogany door on either side into an alley-way for the cabin of the mate and that of the bosun.

Next he counted that The Dancing Nan carried four boats: two at their davits to starboard and port of the poop, and two correspondingly in the waist of the vessel. And he noticed now that her decks were cluttered up with coils of rope and all manner of stores, some under tarpaulins, with a couple of hencoops under the break of the poop. He was looking for more when Gannett's bare feet came pattering, and the belated polishing rag found its way to his hand, accompanied with a fluttering of the man's eyelid. "Blowed if I hadn't forgotten it, sonnie!" he grinned. "Well, and now you've gaped your fill, suppose you get busy!"

"What do I start on?" said Jim.

But Gannett had gone.

Get busy? Yes, that sounded all fine and large; but *where* was he to get busy with this old rag? He would have liked to have started on the brass of the binnacle, but he dared not set foot on the poop till somebody sent him there. So the man on the port watch letting him pass with no more than a glance, having probably learned about him already from Gannett, he made his way to a structure in the waist, which turned out to be a boiler-house for the steam windlass and cargo winch.

Then a prim cough behind him brought him round with a start, to find himself being coned by a chubby little person who stood with his hands pressed into the small of his back.

"My lad," said this person, in a voice like the coo of a dove, "you can thank your stars, if you've got any, that Mr Tregenna is ashore. You can go on to thank your stars that this ship is in harbour. And finally—the man uttered that prim cough again—"you can end up by thanking your stars that I have a temper like a lamb. For if I hadn't"—he stamped his foot with great suddenness—"if I hadn't I'd give you a taste of my rope!"

Jim realised that he stood in the presence of the formidable Mr Sunshine.

"Sir, what do I polish?" he breathed.

"Brass, confound you! Brass. Wherever you find it. Brass! D'ye hear me? Brass!" roared that chubby little person.

TO BE CONTINUED



Jam Roly-Poly!

The children simply love it—and father, with a shy grin, asks for more. The jam and the tender good beef suet crust mingle their delightful flavours in one harmonious whole—delicious, satisfying, nourishing.

Hugon's

'ATORA'

The Good BEEF SUET

This inexpensive recipe is taken from the 'Atora' Book of 100 tested recipes. Send a postcard for a copy, post free from—Hugon & Co., Ltd., Openshaw, Manchester.

RECIPE

6 oz. Flour. 3 oz. Shredded 'ATORA.'
 Flat teaspoonful Baking Powder.
 Pinch of Salt.

Mix the flour, baking powder, salt and Suet with cold water to a stiff paste. Roll out thin, and spread over with jam, marmalade, or golden syrup. Roll over, pinch top and bottom edges together. Dip pudding cloth in boiling water, flour it, and wrap round pudding, tie ends with string. Steam for 2 hours.

(Sufficient for 4 to 6 persons.)



10,000 Things We All Should Know!

THE WORLD OF WONDER

The greatest book of popular science and general knowledge ever published. Written in simple language, illustrated with the most remarkable collection of explanatory drawings, photographs and pictures ever brought together.

6th Weekly Parts

COMPLETE IN ONE VOLUME PART 1 Now on Sale

No intelligent boy or girl who glances inside Part 1 of this unique work will be able to resist its fascination. There are long articles and short articles, paragraphs, pictures, and diagrams in profusion. Things to make at home, experiments which can be done with just the ordinary things of everyday life and without spending a penny.

It explains the why and wherefore of such familiar phenomena as the thunderstorm, the rainbow, the daily tides, the regular succession of day and night, the procession of the seasons, and a thousand other things that are known to all but understood by few.

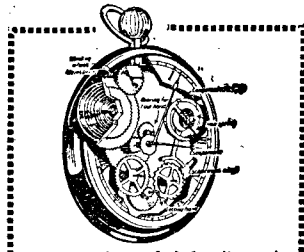
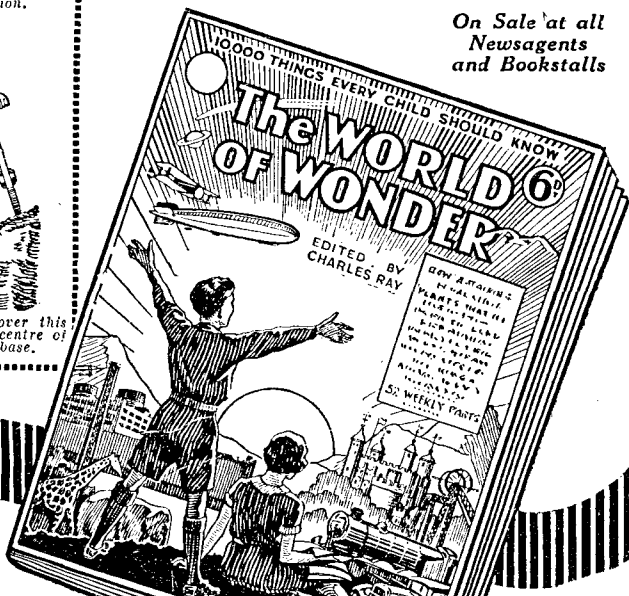
It explains how Man has tamed the powers of Nature, and how the many marvellous machines which he has invented are made to work. It shows the marvels of the plant and animal world; the wonders of geography and geology are explained in new and striking ways. The illustrations are wonderful. The collection of carefully-worked-out diagrams and explanatory drawings, many of them full pages or double pages, is absolutely unique.

A few of the thousands of things that are explained in **THE WORLD OF WONDER**:

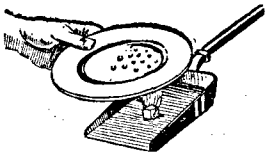
- MARVELS OF MACHINERY.
- WONDERS OF ANIMAL LIFE.
- WONDERS OF PLANT LIFE.
- CHEMICAL EXPERIMENTS.
- HOME MECHANICS.
- HOW WE SMELL.
- HOW WE TASTE.
- MYSTERIES OF THE MOON.
- SIMPLE EXPERIMENTS WITH AIR.
- SIMPLE EXPERIMENTS WITH CANDLES.
- HOW EARTHQUAKES ARE CAUSED.
- WHY KITES FLY.
- MYSTERIES OF THE SUN.
- SECRETS OF THE STARS.
- MYSTERIES OF BALANCE.

The weekly parts of **THE WORLD OF WONDER** can be bound up at home simply and neatly as they are issued by means of a special Self-Binder which is offered to subscribers at a very low cost. Alternatively, the complete set of parts can be bound in the ordinary way when the work is complete.

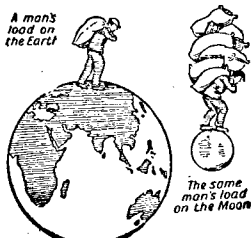
On Sale at all
Newsagents
and Bookstalls



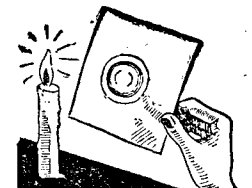
A watch is worked by its main spring, which keeps all the wheels going; the escapement prevents them from moving too fast.



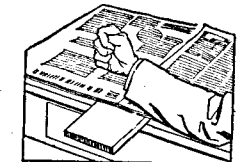
Do you know hydrogen and oxygen are set free when sugar is burnt, and they will combine to form water on a cold plate?



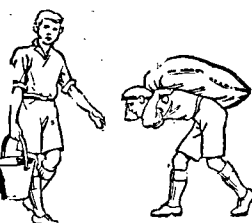
Work would be easy on the Moon, for we could all carry six times as much as we do now and jump six times as far.



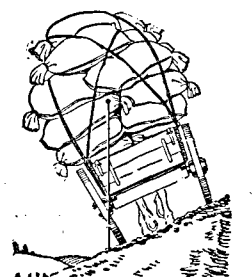
You can prove that the whole of a candle flame is not alight by holding a sheet of paper in the flame. The unburnt part of the flame leaves the paper white.



Do you know that a sharp blow on a loose plank covered by a newspaper will not move it? The cause is a force known as inertia.

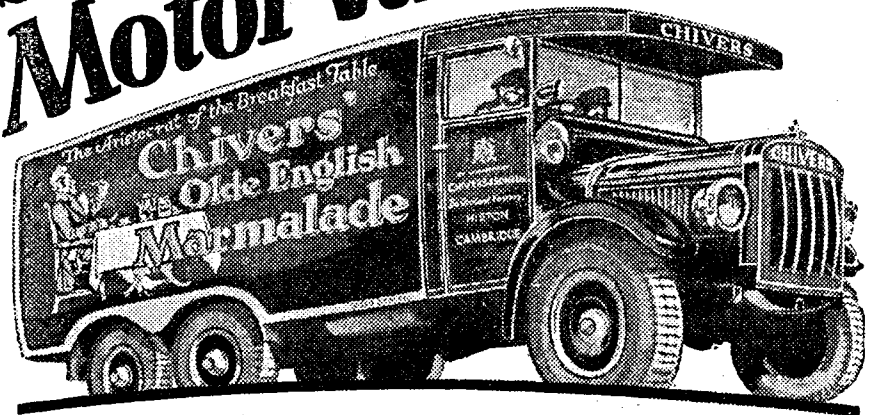


When you carry a heavy load you lean or bend to place your centre of gravity in the right position.



A slight push will send over this cart, for a line from its centre of gravity falls outside the base.

Send for this FREE Motor Van Model



HERE is an interesting occupation for skilful fingers—to make this fine coloured cardboard model of a Chivers' Marmalade Motor Van absolutely free.

Full instructions for making are given, and the model is so carefully planned that every piece fits perfectly. The finished motor is so real that you will be proud of having made it. There are no coupons to collect; just fill in the attached form and post at once, as there is sure to be a big demand for such a beautifully coloured Model Van.

If coupon is placed in unsealed envelope and stamp only is required.

.....**CUT OUT THIS COUPON**.....

Please send me a Chivers' Marmalade Van Model free of charge to the following address—
PLEASE PRINT IN BLOCK CAPITALS.

NAME

ADDRESS

Chivers & Sons LTD
(Dept. C.N.), HISTON, CAMBRIDGE, ENGLAND.

THE STAMP COLLECTOR'S CORNER

FREE. 22 FRENCH COLONIES

Including old and recent issues. Every stamp a perfect picture in itself. Leopards, natives, jungle scenes, etc. You must get them. I will send this collection absolutely free to all stamp collectors sending 2d. postage, abroad 6d. p.o. Only one gift to each applicant.

G. P. KEEF, WILLINGDON, EASTBOURNE, SUSSEX.

100 Lions for 4½d. Postage 1½d. extra.
The "Whipsnade" Packet of foreign stamps all with lions on them, including 1st-coloured South (surcharged), a beautiful stamp, Schleswig, Estonia, N.Z., Victoria, Persia (large), and some fine long sets. Applicants for approvals sending postage receive set of Danzig with 20 lions and 72-p. booklet free. Senders of collectors' addresses get additional FREE set.
WATKINS (C.N. Dept.), Granville Road, BARNET.



IMPROVED MATLOCK ALBUM
The Greatest Gift made EVEN BETTER
ONE HUNDRED FULLY TITLED PAGES. Spaces for every stamp-issuing country. Beautifully illustrated and completely indexed. Spaces ruled in squares and oblongs. Now strongly bound in stout grained card coloured pictorial cover.
Just send 4d. stamp to cover post and packing. REQUEST APPROVALS.
FREE! If extra 4d. is sent a Splendid Illustrated Handbook, "THE STAMPS OF AFRICA," will be sent as well as the Album.
VICTOR BANCROFT, Matlock, England.

ALL applications for advertisement space should be addressed to: The Advertisement Manager, "The Children's Newspaper," Tallis House, Tallis Street, London, E.C.4.



SCOTT'S EMULSION
for Health this Winter

STAMP WALLET AND STAMPS FREE

A Pocket Wallet fitted with Perforation Gauge, etc., size 3½" x 5½", and containing a splendid set of 10 Mint Venezuela, wonderful range of colours, is offered to GENUINE approval applicants only, enclosing 3d. for postage and packing.

Large Discounts Given.
ALIX HARLAND (Dept. H3), Featherstone Buildings, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.

Aeroplane & Ship Packet Free!

This huge packet contains **333 UNSORTED FOREIGN STAMPS**, many scarce from Morocco (Biplane), Roumania (Monoplane), New Caledonia (Sailing Boat), Ivory Coast (Canoe), Greece (Steamer in Isthmus), China (Junk), Cameroons (River Raft), etc. A wonderful lot. Just send 2d. postage and request our Famous Extra-Large-Discount Approval Sheets (Abroad 6d. P.O.).—**LONGBOTTOM AND EASTICK**, 59, Holdenhurst Road, Bournemouth.

Zoo Packet Free!

contains:
10 ANIMALS, 10 BIRDS, 10 SHIPS, 5 MAPS & 25 DIFFERENT STAMPS.
Kangaroos, Lions, Tigers, Horses, Yaks, Panthers, Oxen, Eagles, Swans, Furus (Mythical Birds), Lions, Sailing Ships, Frigates, Junks, Native Boats, Dhows, etc., from Reunion, China, F.M.S., Schleswig, Cameroons, Wallis Is., Oubangui, Mad Congo, Mauritania, Western Australia, Greece (Liner), Ivory Coast, Caledonia, Cuba (Map), etc. Also 25 diff. Mint Stamps. ALL FREE! Enclose 2d. postage, requesting approvals.—**SHOWELL BROS.** (C.N.14), 42, Vanbrugh Hill, London, S.E.3.

THIS EARTHQUAKE PACKET & GOLIATH COMBINATION FREE!!

No two stamps are alike in this packet. Included amongst others are a SET OF 5 EARTHQUAKE STAMPS. These stamps were issued in 1923 for the benefit of the sufferers from the terrible Earthquake of that year. Many other countries are represented: Nigeria, Africa (Frigate), Old Travancore, Argentine. Over 60, all different, stamps. We are also sending a fine Metal Watermark Detector and 100 Gummed Titles of Countries. All absolutely free!
Just send 2d. for postage and request Approvals.
LISBURN & TOWNSEND (Dept. C.N.), Liverpool.

CUT THIS OUT

CHILDREN'S PEN COUPON. VALUE 3d.
Send 5 of these coupons with only 2/9 (and 2d. stamp) direct to the **FLEET PEN CO.**, 119, Fleet St., E.C.4. By return you will receive a handsome Lever Self-Filling **FLEET S.F. PEN** with Solid Gold Nib (Fine, Medium or Broad). Fleet price, 4/6, or with 5 coupons only 2/9. De Luxe Model, 2/- extra.

The Children's Newspaper will be delivered every week at any house in the world for 11s a year. See below.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

November 5, 1932

Every Thursday, 2d

Arthur Mee's Monthly, My Magazine, will be delivered anywhere in the world for 14s 6d a year (Canada 14s).

THE BRAN TUB

Spending and Saving

UNCLE GEORGE gave 1s 3d to his two nephews Tom and Will. Tom spent twice as much of his share as Will put in his money-box, and put twice as much in his money-box as Will spent.

Between them they saved a penny more than they spent. How was the 1s 3d divided between them, and how much did Will save? *Answer next week*

Geese Weed Cotton Fields

THE cotton-growers of the Lower Mississippi have discovered that geese are useful for weeding their fields.

Human workers have not always been very thorough in getting rid of the unwanted plants that in time grow up and almost choke the cotton. Geese have proved to be much more efficient workers. It has been found that one goose to an acre will keep down the weeds more effectively than anything that has been tried before.

Ici On Parle Français



Le journal - La mule - Le goulot
C'est bien notre journal préféré.
Nous sommes partis à dos de mule.
Ce vase a un goulot trop étroit

The Fire Brigade

THERE are about 2000 men in the London Fire Brigade. The longest escape ladders open to 95 feet. A fire hose has a nozzle about 1½ inches in diameter. Some fire engines can throw 400 gallons a minute to a height of 130 feet. The first motor-propelled engines were brought into use in 1894. The earliest fire brigades were organised by fire insurance companies which came into being after the Fire of London.

I Know

IN the following quaint rhyme the words *I know* come together five times in succession, and yet they make sense.
I thought I knew I knew it all,
But now I must confess:
The more I know I know I know
I know I know the less.

Telegrams

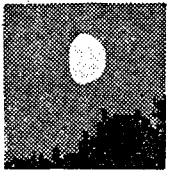
THIS is a jolly game that usually ends in a great deal of laughter.

Each player in turn suggests a letter of the alphabet which is put down on everyone's paper in the given order. The game is to see who can produce the best telegram at the end of five minutes,

each letter being the first of a word, and their order being unchanged. It depends on the number of letters as to how many are allowed for the name and address, and one is usually sufficient for the name of the sender at the end.

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the morning the planets Venus and Jupiter are in the South-East and Mars is in the South. In the evening Saturn is in the South-West, Uranus in the South, and Mercury in the West but invisible. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen looking South at 9 p.m. on Wednesday, November 9.



Little Charades

THE first two lines give clues to two words which, though complete in themselves, form the syllables of the word to be found from the clue in the third line. For example, the first is Sea-son.

Here's a large expanse of water.
This can never be a daughter.
Time of year—each one a quarter.

One right, one left, of each have you.

Don't take the lot, just take a few.
Generous and good-looking too.

A creature not at all well-bred.
Waggish speech from this is read.
Don't add on—cut down instead.

Answer next week

A Dog Has Ten Tails

IT is a simple matter to prove that a dog has ten tails.

No dog has nine tails, but one dog has one more tail than no dog. Therefore one dog has one tail plus nine, which equals ten.

Beheaded Word

AT first, when seen, I odd appear
In every person's eye,
But make me less I'll prove quite clear

I'm even as a die.
Diminish me a little more;
You'll find you then expose
What brings the days of rich and poor

Completely to a close. *Answer next week*

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

London to Thirsk

Meeting 3½ miles beyond half-way, the car from London has travelled 7 miles more than the other. But it had 28 miles start; therefore the second gained 21 miles during the journey. It gains 7 miles an hour, hence the journey from Thirsk lasts 3 hours. Distance is therefore 3 times 35, plus 4 times 28, a total of 217 miles.

What Animal is This? Mouflon

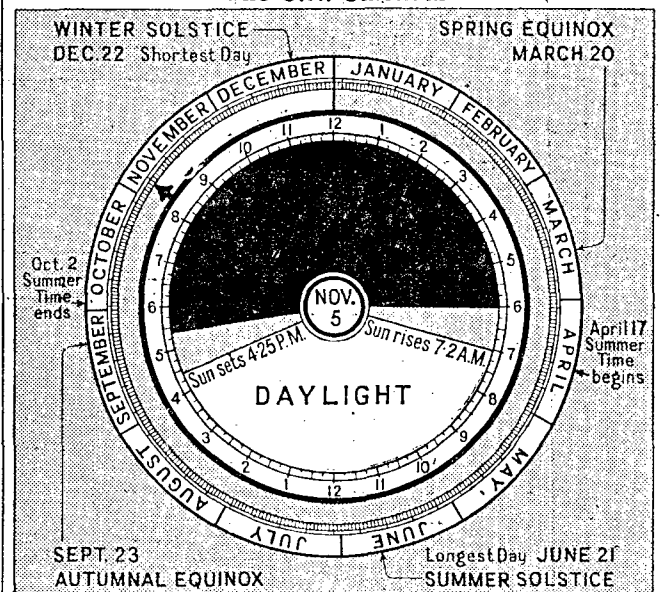
A Charade. Harvest Home.

Words That Rhyme. Ascent, assent.
Mustard, mustered. Coarse, course.

The C.N. Cross Word Puzzle

V	E	E	R	M	E	T	A	L	T	A	C	T
E	N	C	O	R	E	A	E	A	R	T	H	S
R	U	M	O	N	O	P	L	A	N	E	A	A
B	R	O	A	D	D	E	E	N	A	D	I	R
E	N	N	E	A	D	P	H	O	T	O	S	
A	S	S	N	A	I	V	E	L	I	D	E	W
D	E	A	T	T	A	R	E	G	G	A		
S	A	T	I	S	F	E	S	A	D	D	E	N

The C.N. Calendar



THIS calendar shows daylight, twilight, and darkness on November 5. The days are now getting shorter. The arrow indicating the date shows at a glance how much of the year has elapsed.

TALES BEFORE BEDTIME

ENID loved staying at the farm, especially as good Farmer Rose let her help to feed the chickens and pigs and the pony.

She used to watch clever Snap, the dog, driving the sheep to pasture and fetching in the cows for milking; and then she would go with the farmer and watch the cows being milked.

She loved the tinkle of the milk in the pail, and Mrs Rose lent her a tiny pail of her own which she used to carry to the dairy and empty into the big cans. Mummy had bought her a pink sun-bonnet, so she felt like a real milkmaid. How she wished that she could always live at the farm.

"Can I learn to milk the cows when I'm bigger?" she

asked Farmer Rose. "I want to be a milkmaid."

"Surely, m'dear," said the kind man; "you look a proper little milkmaid in that lovely bonnet."



She had a tiny pail

"But I must have a milking-stool as well, like yours," said Enid, "all milkmaids have stools"; and she sighed

because she wasn't big enough to milk the cows yet.

Next best to being in the milking-shed she loved helping Mrs Rose to make the butter in the big, cool dairy; and she would turn the churn till her arm ached. "I want to make a special little pat of butter for Farmer Rose all by myself," she told Mrs Rose one day. "May I?"

"Surely, m'dear," said Mrs Rose, smiling. "I've a little wooden mould on the shelf up there that will make it nicely."

So Enid made the farmer a neat little pat of butter with the picture of a cow on it.

"There!" she said, when she gave it to him; "there's a teeny pat of butter just like the big ones. I made it for you all by myself!"

THE MILKING STOOL

Farmer Rose was delighted; he said he had never tasted such nice butter.

When the day came for Enid and her mother to leave the farm Farmer Rose came in with a little wooden milking-stool in his hands.

"There," he said, with a twinkle as he gave it to Enid; "and there's a teeny stool just like the big ones. I made it for you all by myself!"

Enid clapped her hands in delight. "Why, that's just what I said when I made your pat of butter!" she cried. "Thank you, thank you, Farmer Rose!"

Mrs Rose stood by and beamed with smiles. "Well, what with making butter and milking-stools, you're a clever pair!" she said.

Dr MERRYMAN

What He Was

TWO Negroes met in New York. "Hullo, Mose!" said Pete, by way of greeting. "What am you doin' now?"

"I'se an exporter, Pete," was the reply.

"An exporter?"

"Yas! De railroad company hab no further use for my services."

A Queer Customer



THERE once was a donkey who saw a teashop and looked through the door, Scaring poor Mrs Blake, Who dropped china and cake, For she'd not served a donkey before!

A Favour

BLACK: Could you pay me that five pounds you owe me?
WHITE: How long do you want it for?

Peace and Quiet

THEY were chatting over the garden fence.

"My daughter is getting on very well with her music," said Mr Smith. "She's arranged a little piece for the piano."

"Ah, good!" remarked Mr Jones. "It's about time we had a little peace."

Fine

JACK: Have you heard any comments on the way Bill handles his new car?

George: Yes; one man made a brief remark.

Jack: What was that?

George: Ten pounds and costs!

Squashed

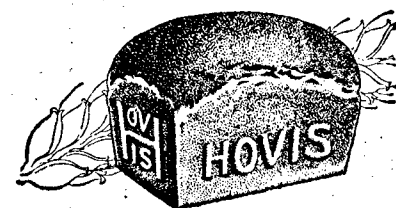
AN impudent young man chided an elderly travelling companion with talking to himself.

"I do so for two reasons, my boy," said the older man. "First of all I like to talk to a sensible man, and secondly, I like to hear a man of sense talk."

HÖVIS

Every day
—health
for Work
and Play.

Hovis Every Day—



The First Rule of Health.

HOVIS Ltd., London, Macclesfield, Bristol, etc.

The Best Paper for
Radio Enthusiasts!

POPULAR WIRELESS

The Paper that Made Wireless Popular.

Every Thursday - - 3d.

52,000 BREAKFASTS

Free, Ample, Satisfying, supplied each winter to hungry East End Children. Remember the little ones.

3d. pays for ONE meal. 25/- for 100.

How many may we entertain as your guests?

R.S.V.P. to THE REV. PERCY INESON, Supt.

EAST END MISSION,

Commercial Road, Stepney, London, E.1.



BUILD THIS FINE FORT YOURSELF!

IT'LL GIVE YOU AN HOUR OF REAL FUN!

This splendid 'Ubilda' Fort is just like a castle of olden times—with moat, battlements and drawbridge you can work up and down! You can build other designs too—all as simple as A B C to construct—full directions on the box. But you can have even more fun working out your own designs, and then for some wonderful games with your toy soldiers! The complete set of parts can be had in two sizes costing only 5/- and 7/6! Ask your toy shop or sports dealer to show you the other 'Ubilda' models: Aeroplanes, Cars, Cranes, Loco's, etc., etc., from 1/- to 7/6.

UBILDA TOYS

MADE IN ENGLAND.

Trade enquiries are invited by the manufacturers:

BURNETT LTD., Friendly House, Chiswell Street, E.C.1

Illustrated descriptive leaflet post free on request.